THE CHICAGO LEDGER

A MODERN HOME WEEKLY OF ROMANCE, DEPARTMENTS AND EVENTS

VOL. XXVI. NO. 39. CHICAGO, ILL., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1898. Single Copies 5 Cents.

MORAN, OF THE LADY LETTY.

A STORY OF ROUGH LIFE AT SEA.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

SYNOPSIS.

[Ross Wilbur, a society man of San Francisco, and a graduate of Yale, while on the ocean water front, is accosted by a sailor, who asks for a light for his pipe. The sailor engages him in conversation, and drinks are proposed. Immediately after the drinks Wilbur is seized with nausea, which he explains away to find himself on board a filthy schooner anchored out in the bay. He encounters Moran, the captain, who orders him forward and promptly knocks him down when he presumes to obey. Captain Kitchell chooses Wilbur as a victim for his cruelty, and by unmerciful and unfriendly tells him his

"Hello, hello," cried the captain, rolling from his hammock. "Turtle" he shouted to the lookout far above, "hey, lay our course for us! The lookout nodded, the ears fell and the fiery shot forward in the direction of the Golden Gate.

"Ain't you sick, now?" asked Kitchell, with sudden suspicion. Wilbur smiled.

"I'm not Charlie and Wing to ship their ears and give me a pair." The captain commended his humanity.

"Now, what," he said, grimly, "now, what in the name of the seven seas is the matter with you?" Wilbur's explanation was brief. He set on board a filthy schooner anchored out in the bay. He encountered Moran, the captain, who orders him forward and promptly knocks him down when he presumes to obey. Captain Kitchell chooses Wilbur as a victim for his cruelty, and by unmerciful and unfriendly tells him his

"I'll tell you what," he observed, "as how you had known me well.

A few minutes later the captain, who was standing in the derry bow and alternately cursing the oarsmen's unskilful and pulling back to the Chinaman standing on the schooner's bulwark, uttered an exclamation.

"Steady, shin your oars, quiet now, lubbers, you dam' fools. We're right on 'em—hail, by Gawd, six big 'n fishin' tables."

The oars were silenced. The derry's speed dwindled. "Out your paddles, sit on the stern, double-quick now."

The boat's bow swung, the squinting Chinaman's shoulder. His song was toward them and he pushed with one free hand. Looking out over the water from his seat on the poop, Wilbur could make out a rotten greenish mass under a patch of floating seaweed. Just under the surface, some sixty years above.

"Starboard, starboard," whispered the captain under his breath. "Go ahead, port, s—eady all, steady, steady."

The derry began to assume the intensity of a little drama—a little drama in miniature. In spite of himself Wilbur was excited. His own hand consisted a convex paddle. He was one of the crew. Here was a good fish—a fighting fish. The derry moved forward by inches. Kitchell's whisper was as fluid as a dying infant's.

"Steady all, noiseless—s—teady—"

He jumped forward sharply with his gaff and shouted aloud. "I got him—grab hold, you Chinese devil, grab hold, I say. Now, quick—don't you, Iggie—pull him, then, Charlie? If he gets away, you swine, I'll rip y' open with the gaff—here now—here—there—there—ah, stand clear his nippers. Strike me! s'e's whoicker. I thought he was going to get away. Saw me just as I struck. Now, then, Charlie, look out."

There was a splash and a commotion into the boat, clawing, thrashing, clattering and blowing like a bellows. A dusky mass, tumbled the great green turtle, his wet, green head and fore-feet flung over the ridge to edge, the gaff firmly transfixed in his neck. Wilbur saw the great head turned under the gaff, saw the head and neck, withered like that of an old woman. It was not that alone that he saw with seven keel, it was not that and laughing was to destroy, but that he saw with disordered. His distance was too close, his perception too keen. He saw the whole picture as a crushed physician glances at a doomed patient and from that withdrawn, but in the face of him and the eyes of him pronounce the verdict "death." Kitchell knelt on the struggling wild, single unmerciful glances and exclaimed:

"Ah, I got him, I got him, you devil.

"Up on to it, or to below and fetch up the tackle. Now, then—"

The captain was speaking.

"I'm a-left out of fifty per now."

"I'll tell you a different tune when I get my share of him. I'll wear the head of that swab off or'll have to walk backward to see where he's goin'. Whadja he mane by arms for—wasn't he pull like a dam' pretty-lookin' girl? Strike him easy, Kitchell—"

"Steady, you Chinese son of a shoehorn. Stand clear, you dam' fools. Now, then, Moran, just a little o' that Yale stinge in your—"

The crew's next Jim still pulled and the derry bobbed on contrarily. Wilbur had released his hold. Kitchell, with a sudden movement, lifted it, tilted it with forth.

"Jo mane lay into the dam' swab, you great, fat, pasty-faced, baby-faced, pulpy bird, lubbers me, you'll be a man yet. Shut up! Be ready to help your dam' dogs, ain't we coming as fast as we can?"

The derry bumped alongside and the captain was over the rail like quicksilver. The Chinese were all in the bow holding and pointing to the water. All stood on the alert, bellowing and gesticulating. Kitchell, with a sudden movement, lifted it, tilted it with forth.

"Bingo!" he shouted, as the Chinaman fell backward like a bowlsbread ape, and a little more, I would if I were you. Why don't you sing and wave, you dam' fool pilot, you bum?"

"Ah, ha," answered the pedlar.

"Ah, ha, you fat," Charlie ask him what's him sing."

"I tak him sing," answered Charlie, calmly, leaning out over the starboard quarter. "Sing!"

Him very sick," boarded the Chinaman. Face of Charlie, adding a sentence to Chinese.

He says he think-up ship sick, all same, same Hannah Hannah. Where's Hannah?"

By the time the captain, Wilbur and all the boat-crew had reached the deck was a scene eight miles off the starboard bow. Even at that distance, Wilbur, with his unaccustomed eyes, could make it recall nothing but a grave to know that something was wrong off there. It was not that alone that he saw with seven keel, it was not that and laughing was to destroy, but that he saw with disordered. His distance was too close, his perception too keen. He saw the whole picture as a crushed physician glances at a doomed patient and from that withdrawn, but in the face of him and the eyes of him pronounce the verdict "death." Kitchell knelt on the struggling wild, single unmerciful glances and exclaimed:

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box. "See there." From behind the wheel-box in the stern protruded a hand and a forearm in an oilskin sleeve.

Wilbur ran up, peered over the little space between the wheel and the wheel-box and looked straight into a pair of eyes—eyes that were alive. Kitchell came up.

"One left, anyhow," he muttered, looking over Wilbur's shoulder; "sailorman, though; can't interfere with our salvage. The bark's derelict, right enough. Shake him out of there, son; can't you see the lady's dotty with the gas?"

Cramped into the narrow space of the wheel-box like a terrified hare in a blind burrow was the figure of a young boy. So firmly was he wedged into the corner that Kitchell had to kick the box before he could be reached. The boy spoke no word. Stupefied with the gas, he watched them with vacant eyes.

Wilbur put a hand under the lad's arm and got him to his feet. He was a tall, well-made fellow, with ruddy complexion and milk-blue eyes, and was dressed, as if for heavy weather, in oilskins. He wore a sou'-wester on his head.

"Well, sonny, you've had a fine mess aboard here," said Kitchell. The boy—he might have been 22—stared and frowned.

"Clean loco from the gas. Get him into the dory, son. I'll try this bloody cabin again."

Kitchell turned back and descended from the poop, and Wilbur, his arm around the boy, followed. Kitchell was already out of hearing, and Wilbur was bracing himself upon the rolling deck, steadying the young fellow at his side, when the latter heaved a deep breath. His throat and breast swelled. Wilbur stared sharply, with a muttered exclamation:

"My God, it's a girl!" he said.

(To be continued next week.)

QUEER OLD SAN JUAN.

Fine Specimen of a Walled Town That United States Will Have.

San Juan is a perfect specimen of a walled town, with porticullis, moat gates and battlements. Built over 250 years ago, it is still in good condition and repair. The walls are picturesque and represent a stupendous work and cost in themselves. Inside the walls the city is laid off in regular squares, six parallel streets running in the direction of the length of the island and seven at right angles. The houses are closely and compactly built of brick, usually of two stories, stuccoed on the outside and painted in a variety of colors. The upper floors are occupied by the more respectable people, while the ground floors, almost without exception, are given up to negroes and the poorer classes, who crowd one upon another in the most appalling manner. The population within the walls is estimated at 20,000, and most of it lives on the ground floors. In one small room with a flimsy partition a whole family will reside.

The ground floors of the whole town reek with filth, and conditions are most unsanitary. In a tropical country, where disease readily prevails, the consequences of such herding may be easily inferred. There is no running water in the town. The entire population depends on rain water caught on the flat roofs of the buildings and conducted to the cistern, which occupies the greater part of the courtward that is an essential part of Spanish houses the world over, but that here, on account of the crowded conditions, is small. There is no sewerage, except the surface water and sinks, while vaults are in every house and occupy whatever remaining space there may be in the patois not taken up by the cisterns. The risk of contaminating the water is great, and in dry seasons the supply is entirely exhausted. Epidemics are frequent, and the town is alive with vermin, mosquitoes and dogs.

The streets are wider than in the older part of Havana [illegible] sages abound. The sidewalks are narrow and in places will accommodate only one person. The pavements are of composition manufactured in England from slag, pleasant and even and durable when no heavy strain is brought to bear upon them, but easily broken and unfit for heavy traffic. The streets are swept once a day by hand, and, strange to say, are kept very clean. From its topographical situation the town should be healthy, but it is not. The soil under the city is clay mixed with lime, so hard as to be almost like rock. It is consequently impervious to water, and furnishes a good natural drainage. The trade wind blows strong and fresh, and through the harbor runs a stream of sea water at a speed of not less than three miles an hour. With these conditions no contagious diseases, if properly taken care of, could exist; without them, the place would be a veritable plague spot.

Besides the town within the walls there are small portions outside, called the Marina and Puerto de Tierra, containing 2,000 or 3,000 inhabitants each. There are also two suburbs, one, San Turce, approached by the only road leading out of the city, and the other, Catano, across the bay, reached by ferry. The Marina and the two suburbs are situated on sandy points or pits, and the latter are surrounded by mangrove swamps. The entire population of the city and suburbs, according to the census of 1887, was 27,000. It is now (1898) estimated at 30,000. One-half of the population consists of negroes and mixed races.

She Was Prepared.

There was a feud on in the mountains, and as I went about from place to place in quest of walnut logs I was compelled to be on my guard at all times to prevent any disagreeable consequences to myself. One day at noon I pulled up my buckboard at a very comfortable house by the roadside and inquired if there was a dinner to be had in the neighborhood. The woman who had responded to my appeal asked me to alight and come in, after she had investigated and discovered that I did not belong to either side of the fenders. A small boy took my horse away to feed him, and I went in to try the dinner. During the meal I made some reference to the trouble in the mountains.

"Yes," she said, "an' my ol' man is out with his gun chasin' one uv the Muggses this very minute. My ol' man hadn't any necessity uv takin' sides, not bein' kin ner mixed up in it no way, but thar wuzn't no room fer him to go to Cuby, 'n so he said ez how times bein' dull he'd go gunnin' fer that Muggs feller, seein' he wuz a no-account nohow."

It occurred to me that there was scarcely an excuse in this to go gunning for a fellow man, but I didn't say so.

"Aren't you afraid to have your husband go out this way?" I asked.

"Oh, no; the Muggses don't amount to shucks."

"But there are others," I ventured.

Her face clouded a bit.

"Yes, them Rankinses," she said. "They ain't Muggses."

"What if he should get mixed up with them?" I asked.

"Somethin' would happen to him, I reckon."

"And are you prepared for that something?"

This time her face brightened to a positive radiance.

"Well, I reckon I am," she said with cheerful confidence. "I got ketched the time I lost my fust husban" in the feud seven years ago, but I won't git ketched this time, for I went down to the store yistiddy, when my ol' man started out with his gun, an' I bought up every yard uv mornin' thar wuz on the shelves. Ef I ain't ready for a funeral, colonel, nobody never got ready fer one in this neck uv woods, shore's you're a foot high."

The Gold Product of the World.

In 1897, the total gold production of the world was about $240,000,000, divided as follows: United States, $61,500,000; Canada, $2,500,000; Mexico, $10,000,000; Africa, $58,000,000; Australasia, $51,000,000; India, $61,500,000, and Russia, $26,000,000.

AN AUTUMN MEMORY.

BY ROY FARREL GREENE.

Ah, the moon was round and mellow
As it mounted in the skies,
Like a ripened pumpkin yellow,
Grown to most stupendous size.
All the argent glow was gleaming
O'er the beeches, o'er the pines,
And it seemed a night for dreamin';
When Priscilla took the lines.

With a stretch of road before us,
Past the lazy, sleeping farms,
With the shadows drooping o'er us,
Who'd not feel the use of arms?
Blushingly I make confession
That I practiced love's designs,
Cupid called his court in session
When Priscilla took the lines.

With a carriage close confining,
With a trottig pair of roans,
With no mamma there, designing,
With no spying chaperones,
With a maid who sat demurely,
Can't you reckon by the signs
That I held her in securely
When Priscilla took the lines?

THE HALF-CASTE.

The Story of a Love That Was Cruel Even Unto Death.

BY ANNIE LINDEN.

Far away from anywhere worth talking about, there is a tangle of tropical islands belonging to the Netherlands. As no gold is to be found in their volcanic soil, and no money to be made out of the land, the natives are left in peace, and have as gloriously idle a time of it as nature intended they should have.

Once, about fifty years ago, some Dutchmen came and preached to them. Having no religion to speak of, and taking to the hymns, they were all converted, the uncomfortable zealots were got rid of, and peace, embellished by accordions, reigned again.

Sometimes misguided Europeans come and plant tobacco, which won't grow. Sometimes butterfly hunters run over from Borneo. Now and again the Resident pays the islands a visit from the mainland. And once a government expedition had poked about the place for months looking for nothing in particular.

All these comers and goers put up at the half-caste postmaster's. He lives on the chief island, in the biggest house. His windows have real glass in them, and four rocking-chairs and a round table adorn his front gallery. The natives call him "sir." He calls himself a European. His Dutch is "fearfully and wonderfully made." And he is the biggest rascal unhanged.

Once—long ago—he had a granddaughter. There was a vagueness about her Dutch father which was trying to European minds. His visit to the islands had been a fleeting one, and little Fia was at first rather an embarrassing souvenir of the gentleman.

But in odd corners of the world people are apt to take things as they come, and make the best of them. So the postmaster made the best of Fia and the story of her birth, and really was very proud of her white skin; and the little lissom, black-eyed girl was the one true love of his life.

But hush! no one talks of her now, and the postmaster's hair is white.

Her mother died when Fia was a wee child who danced out of the sea to watch the mourners carry her parent to the grave. When the modest procession turned the corner, she danced back again into the lapping water, and enjoyed her bath, and it was only when she returned to the deserted house that she really missed her mother and her basket of fruit.

Then she crouched away in a corner and cried till a large white butterfly came floating down the sunlight, when she darted [illegible]

The little churchyard was quite near, and [illegible] all retired to the back gallery, and petted Fia. Her grandfather would have liked to mourn for his daughter openly, in the front of the house, but his family objected. They were not used to sitting on chairs. The men had got themselves up like magpies in white trousers and black coats, in honor of their European connection, and the women looked frightful in black sarongs and cabajos. And all had refrained from chewing serrie.

But such a dose of civilization was difficult to swallow, and they longed for the shady back gallery, with its swinging parrot, its tailless monkey, and its gaudy mate. There, squatting on their hams or lolling on the steps, they ate rice and dried fish with their fingers, and bleated psalms. No one was in a hurry.

The morning blazed into afternoon. Night fell suddenly over the molten day. The violet-breathing sea turned to a dark black blue. The land wind rustled in chill whispers amongst the cocoanut trees. Huge bats flitted noiselessly hither and thither. The moon arose, making a great white way across the water, and flooding the land with a wonder of light and shade. But Fia's family sang on. The native minister said it was very edifying.

And Fia lay rolled up in a corner, fast asleep. Her grandfather had given her her mother's necklace, and she had secretly put it on. And now she smiled in her slumber, as if the long coveted feel of the thing had more than comforted her.

Later on she was sent to school, away to the mainland. This "mainland" is also only an island, but it was the "Paris" of Fia's young life. She had often and often looked at it on the dirty old postal map which mouldered in the front gallery. Its many coast towns—the lines round it that showed the steamer tracks—were all impressed on her memory. She had learned from the native schoolmaster of its mysterious interior. She knew the names of the great capes that make it look like an octopod.

But it was the towns, the steamers—the European element, the current of life—that attracted her. Dreams of European dresses, of girl friends, of beautiful fair controleurs—of honeymoon journeys to Java or Holland, floated through her brain.

On tropical islands girls develop rapidly. Like their native flowers, they are budding, full-blown, and withered all too quickly. And their minds seldom come to perfection at all.

Fia was only twelve, but she was glad to part with her grandfather—glad to turn her back upon her beautiful native island. She had often paddled out to the far coral reef at low tide, and she knew just how the houses faded into the green wall of forest behind them—which cocoanut trees stood out the longest against the sky when the whole coast merged into one far-spreading green foundation to the mighty inland volcano that seemed at last to rise sheer out of the water. But she had never seen the mountain die down between the sea and the sky, and sometimes it had seemed impossible to her that there really was the great world beyond it.

She watched it fade away with a passionate joy. She never wished to see the islands again. She never thought of her grandfather, though she had hung about him when they parted, and the old man had wept real tears. But she looked at the captain of the mail-boat, and thought how handsome he was; and the captain looked at her, and whispered to his mate, and before she reached the mainland he had kissed her; and suddenly the knowledge had sprung up in the child's mind that she had wished him to do so.

Three years after, she came back to the islands, educated! She did her hair up in the afternoon now with silver pins. She had got white dresses, and blue sashes, and cheap "open-work" stockings (these last were cajoled from a Chinese pedlar), and she had had love affairs with coffee clerks and postoffice officials, and all manner of half-caste men.

She cursed the volcano as it grew out of the waters. As her memory anticipated every landmark she hated it. If a wish then could have killed her grandfather, he would have died. If any man then had offered to run away with her she would have gone with him, however shamefully, anywhere, to get away from that huge green pyramid, all girt around with dulness.

The volcano had been behaving badly in her absence—flooding the land with rivers of boiling mud, filling the air with thunder, and driving back the sea, whose irresistible strength rebelled and flung back upon the island in an all-devouring wave.

However, the mountain had got the islands talked about. Some visitor sent a sketch of the mud river—looking like a boa-constrictor made of cold plum pudding—to the Dutch papers; and some one in Holland got a society to send out a Bible-reader to the islands. Why the young man was sent was not very clear. The volcano was not likely to listen to him. And the natives were better Christians than he was. They had learned in three generations not to cut off each other's heads. Europe certainly takes longer to eradicate a popular vice! And they have got their own native preachers, whom they had the advantage of understanding. But he was a godsend to the postmaster! They lay on all four of the rocking chairs, and drank cocoanut milk and had brandy until far into the night; and the young man heard of many things in that world corner that are not dreamed of in Europe's heaven or earth.

The devil had been a vague, if necessary personality in Amsterdam; but in the gallery of the postmaster's house he sprang into vivid life—without horns, tail or hoofs.

The postmaster's stories were flavored with the very essence of hell. When he told them, the air seemed full of evil spirits. Yellow-skinned, long-teethed Chinese thieves crept under the house; murderers, swift-handed Malays peered through the gallery railings; gaunt Europeans glided from the shadows, with the horror of unearthly secrets in their bloodshot eyes, secrets that even his host dared not speak of. Certainly the postmaster wanted converting as badly as the mountain, and more than the natives. But Christian Lang, the Bible-reader, felt himself quite unequal to the task.

However, the old man got a house built for him, and for a wonder gave honest information about the Chinese storekeepers in the place. Perhaps his few drops of European blood claimed kinship with the innocent teacher of Truths. Perhaps he thought of Fia.

Fia had put on her best dress to land in. She wanted to impress her people with the change in her person. Also she had heard of the Bible-reader, and hoped he would come on board. But only her grandfather fetched her in the long-legged canoe, and she and the tiny mail-boat were handed over together. The officers leant over the ship's side, and waved good-by. Then they told each other how "devilishly pretty" she was. But one of them laughed, and said he pitied her grandfather. There was an illumination in the front gallery that evening. Both lamps were lit, and Fia reigned there. Her white dress was open at the throat; she looked as cool and fresh as the inside of a cocoanut, and almost as white—but not quite. Christian sat staring at her. He thought he had never seen anything so beautiful. He wished she would talk. He wished he could talk himself. He wondered if his mother would like her.

Three years after, she returned.

Out in the bay the mail-boat still lay anchored. They were hammering iron on her, and calling to each other as they worked. And the moonlit water was dotted with native boats round about her.

The young man had seen two mail-boats come and go with a sinking of the heart. They took away his only chance of ice! And the volcano seemed so towering and aggressive a companion to be cut off with in the midst of a languorous space of sea. But this time he cared not if the steamer went or stayed, though on the whole, when he remembered the officers, he thought he would rather it got out of his way.

The postmaster wanted to hear about the mainland. It disappointed him that his granddaughter said so little. He had really denied himself to give her a good education. He thought she had been more companionable before she went away. Still he was very proud of her beauty, and it gratified him to see how Christian was taken captive by it.

Now, although Fia said so little that the simple Bible-reader sometimes thought she had forgotten his presence, her thoughts were full of him. She admired his string-colored hair, his weak blue eyes, his tall bony figure. She determined to ask the old cook for "love dishes," and to put on her best gown every day. From time to time she glanced up at him from under her eyelids, and he thought how modest she was. At last her grandfather reminded her that it was late. She looked at Christian again as she embraced the postmaster, and the young man felt the blood rushing into his face. When he left that night he saw in her bedroom window. But his middle-class education had not taught him to make the most of his opportunities. He sighed, and turned away from it with a bowed head. And the window was shut softly behind him.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Ah, Fia! how can you look at it?"

A long untidy garden ran down to the sea. Ragged banana leaves lapping against the hot sky; a ragged patch of sage, a ragged patch of maize; a sickly rose-tree in a petroleum tin; a wealth of huge carmine blossoms turned gloriously up to the sun. Beyond a rounded span of shimmering ocean, a white-winged boat, a poising sea-bird.

A magnificent girl, every curve of her figure showing through her gaudy sarong, her tight-fitting cabaja; laughter in her lazy eyes, laughter on her lips. A shambling, pimply young man, with horror and surprise written on every feature. Two headless chickens whirling in a mad death-dance.

"Ah, Fia, Fia! put down that knife! You didn't do it yourself, did you?"

"Of course I did! Killing them like that makes the birds tender!"

Fia twirled the knife round the Bible-teacher's throat, and he stepped back hurriedly.

She laughed again—a soft, cooing laugh that enchanted him.

"Come and sit in the back gallery," she said. "We'll eat mangosteens."

She kicked over the dying fowls and flung the knife away; and then, tucking one foot under her, she half lay, half sat across the gallery steps, throwing her arms behind her head and showing one entrancing little bare foot.

"Now eat!" she cried, pointing to a square basket of red purple fruit.

Christian fetched it and put it between them.

"I'll choose them for you," she said, "and we'll bet on the pips."

"I never bet," said Christian.

She slowly broke a fruit in two, showing her little teeth as she did so. Then, rippling all over with laughter, she forced a gleaming white pip between his lips.

"Couldn't we bet for kisses?" she asked, and then she ran away.

Not stopping to think, Christian pursued her. He found her lying under the banana leaves, and stooping over her quite forgot how many pips the mangosteen might have contained.

* * * * * * * * * *

Fia was looking up at the moon; and the Bible-teacher, lying in the canoe, was looking up at her. All was very still—a passionate tropical stillness with a pulse in it. Every leaf was visible in the moonlight, every pebble on the beach had its diamond center of brightness—its wee intense shadow.

The conscience of the Bible-teacher was bothering him, for his "Society" had written to say it was sending him a wife. Before leaving Europe he had intimated that he would like a good, modest woman to join him in a few months (not an uncommon custom amongst Dutch evangelists). But Fia had banished the good modest woman from his thoughts, so that he had even forgotten to put her off. And now she had already started—any mail-boat might bring her to him; and he had caught himself wondering two or three times that day what the good modest woman would be like. He felt that he must "break her" to Fia, and he didn't like the task. He was very sorry for the girl. But even when he thought how fair she was on that moonlight night he did not want to marry her. He had seen her beat the cook, and torture crabs and spiders; and sometimes even her kisses frightened him. So with stumbling words he told his cowardly story. The girl looked at him with startled eyes and heaving bosom. She tore her dress open to get air, and as his voice sank down into miserable silence he could hear her panting. She seemed quite unable to speak.

"I did not know you cared for me so much, Fia," he mumbled; "you seemed a dreadful flirt."

She answered nothing, and the young man continued: "You let that captain make love to you—that sailing-vessel man there in the bay. Your grandfather tells me stories of him that make me afraid to go home alone. You know he is a ruffian of the worst character, yet I saw you with him in the garden last night!"

The girl left off gasping and laughed. It was horrible to hear her. She waved her hand to the twinkling ship-lights in the bay, and then she clutched at her dress again, and looking down at Christian whispered, "Why marry at all? I will be your housekeeper! Give up this Bible-teaching! Take me away from here!"

"Don't talk wickedly, my child!" said Christian, trying to look clerical. You see he had kissed her a good deal, and grown tired of it all, so virtue seemed particularly beautiful.

So Fia dried her tears and said, "Let us paddle out to the coral reef; the tide will be low in an hour, and it is moonlight;" and she leant down and took his hand with a beseeching movement which he could not resist.

And so, together, they floated out upon the white waters.

Fia [illegible]ed, crooning mechanically a native [illegible] rose and fell with the waves. Once [illegible]rward to look into his eyes [illegible]or weak things in compar[illegible]and they shifted under her [illegible]

[illegible]an come?" she asked; [illegible] "She is half way here," [illegible] went on with her song [illegible]er slid from her paddle

[illegible]al reef gleamed in the moonli[illegible]e smell of decay hung over it [illegible] form turned over in the oily water as the canoe struck the coral.

"A shark," said Fia, pointing with her paddle.

She knew just where to land, and sprang from the boat. Then, drawing herself up, she opened her arms and looked down at Christian with devilish lovelit eyes.

"If you pushed off now, I should drown at high tide, and then you would be rid of me," she murmured.

"Don't Fia!"

Taking the out-held hands, he jumped to her side, clumsily enough, and she put up her mouth to be kissed.

"Look! he is waiting!" she said, as the shark turned over again. "They know when some one is going to die."

She leant against him, watching the cumbrous monster, and then suddenly she laughed. Christian felt a sick fear creep over him.

"What's that?" she asked, pointing to the middle of the reef. "It looks like a great big bell shell."

Christian willingly stumbled away over the slippery coral, crushing a hundred wonders with his great flat feet.

"Yes! It is a beautiful shell," he cried; and turned—to see Fia paddling across the moonlight.

"He will drown tomorrow," she said to herself, "and his dead body will be washed up by the garden, unless . . . ."—and a shudder ran over her.

Still she did not realize that she had sinned. Only she wished the shark had not been waiting.

* * * * * * * * * *

The captain's cigar fell into the sea with a hiss.

"My darling! How I have longed for you!" he whispered, as he carried Fia on board.

"Hush!" she answered—"hush! When can we get away?"

RHYME OF RHYMES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Wild on the mountain peak the wind
Repeats its old refrain,
Like ghosts of mortals who have sinned
And fain would sing again.

For "wind" I do not rhyme to "mind,"
Like many mortal men.
"Again" (when one reflects) 'twere kind
To rhyme as if "agen."

I never met a single soul
Who spoke of "wind" as "wined,"
And yet we use it, on the whole,
To rhyme to "find" and "blind."

We say, "Now don't do that agen,"
When people give up pain.
In poetry, nine times in ten,
It rhymes to "Spain" or "Dane."

Oh, which is wrong or which is right?
Oh, which is right or wrong?
The sound in prose familiar quite
Or those we meet in song?

To hold that "love" can rhyme to "prove"
Requires some force of will,
Yet in the ancient lyric groove
We meet them rhyming still.

This was our learned fathers' wont
In prehistoric times.
We follow it, or if we don't
We oft run short of rhymes.

ROSE OF THE GHETTO.

Though She Was Anxious to Wed She Held Out Stoutly for the Dowry.

One day it occurred to Leibel that he ought to get married. He went to Sugarman the Shadchan forthwith.

"I have the very thing for you," said the great marriage broker.

"Is she pretty?" asked Leibel.

"Her father has a boot and shoe warehouse," replied Sugarman enthusiastically.

"Then there ought to be a dowry with her," said Leibel eagerly.

"Certainly a dowry! A fine man like you!"

"When could I see her?"

"I will arrange for you to call next Sabbath afternoon."

"You wont charge me more than a sovereign?"

"Not a groschen more! Such a pious maiden. And, of course, five per cent on the dowry?"

"H'm! Well, I don't mind!"

On the Saturday Leibel went to see the damsel, and on the Sunday he went to see Sugarman the Shadchan.

"But your maiden squints!" he cried resentfully.

"An excellent thing," said Sugarman. "A wife who squints can never look her husband straight in the face and overwhelm him. Who would quail before a woman with a squint?"

"Why, the girl is a hunchback!" he protested furiously.

"My dear Leibel," said the marriage broker, deprecatingly shrugging his shoulders and spreading out his palms. "You can't expect perfection!"

Nevertheless Leibel persisted in his unreasonable attitude. He accused Sugarman of wasting his time, of making a fool of him.

This gave Leibel pause, and he departed without having definitely broken the negotiations. His whole week was befogged by doubt, his work became uncertain, his chalkmarks lacked their usual decision, and he did not always cut his coat according to his cloth. His aberrations became so marked that pretty Rose Green, the sweater's eldest daughter, who managed a machine in the same room, divined, with all a woman's intuition, that he was in love.

"What is the matter?" she said in rallying Yiddish, when they were taking their lunch of bread and cheese.

"They are proposing me a match," he answered sullenly.

"A match!" ejaculated Rose. "Thou!" She had worked by his side for years, and familiarity—bred the second person singular.

"With whom?" asked Rose.

"With Leah Volcovitch!"

"Leah Volcovitch!" gasped Rose. "Leah, the boot and shoe manufacturer's daughter?"

Leibel hung his head—he scarce knew why.

"And why dost thou not have her?" said Rose.

Leibel did not reply.

"Is it that thou likest me better?" she asked.

Leibel seemed to see a ball of lightning in the air; it burst, and he felt the electric current strike right through his heart. The shock threw his head with a jerk so that his eyes gazed into a face whose beauty and tenderness were revealed to him for the first time. The face of his old acquaintance had vanished—this was a cajoling, coquettish, smiling face, suggesting undreamed-of things.

"Nu, yes," he replied, without perceptible pause.

"Nu, good!" she rejoined as quickly.

And in the ecstacy of that moment of mutual understanding Leibel forgot to wonder why he had never thought of Rose before. Afterward he remembered that she had always been his social superior.

Before he left that night Rose said to him: "Art thou sure thou wouldst not rather have Leah Volcovitch?"

"Not for all the boots and shoes in the world," replied Leibel vehemently.

The landing outside the workshop was so badly lighted that their lips came together in the darkness.

"Nay, nay, thou must not yet," said Rose. "Thou art still courting Leah Volcovitch. For aught thou knowest, Sugarman the Shadchan may have entangled thee beyond redemption."

Leibel found Sugarman at supper.

"You don't mean to say that you give up a boot and shoe manufacturer merely because his daughter has round shoulders!" he exclaimed incredulously.

"It is more than round shoulders—it is a hump!" cried Leibel.

"Then I shall have to look for another, that's all!"

"No, I don't want any," replied Leibel, quickly.

Leibel felt guilty. "But whom have you got in your eye?" he inquired, desperately.

Leibel gave a hypocrite long-drawn "U-m-m-m. I wonder if Rose Green—where I work—" he said, and stopped.

"I fear not," said Sugarman. "She is on my list. Her father gave her to me some months ago, but he is hard to please. Even the maiden herself is not easy, being pretty."

"Perhaps she has waited for some one," suggested Leibel.

Sugarman's keen ear caught the note of complacent triumph.

"You have been asking her yourself!" he exclaimed, in horror-stricken accents.

"And if I have?" said Leibel, defiantly.

"And does her father know?"

"Not yet."

"Ah! then I must get his consent," said Sugarman decisively.

"I—I thought of speaking to him myself."

"Now, if you went to her father," pursued the Shadchan, "the odds are that he would not give you his daughter—to say nothing of the dowry."

"Yes, I think you had better go," said Leibel eagerly.

"But if I do this thing for you I shall want a pound more," rejoined Sugarman.

"A pound more!" echoed Leibel in dismay. "Why?"

"Because Rose Green's lump is of gold," replied Sugarman oracularly. "Also, she is fair to see, and many men desire her."

"But you always have your 5 per cent on the dowry."

The very next day Sugarman invaded the Green workroom.

Sugarman's entry was brusque and breathless.

"At last!" he cried, addressing the little white-haired master tailor. "I have the man for you."

"Has he any money?" grumpily interrupted Eliphaz.

"He will have money," replied Sugarman, unhesitatingly, "when he marries."

"Ah!" The father's voice relaxed, and his foot lay limp on the treadle. "How much will he have?"

"I think he will have fifty pounds; and the least you can do is to let him have fifty pounds," replied Sugarman, with the same happy ambiguity.

Eliphaz shook his head on principle.

"Yes, you will," said Sugarman, "when you learn how fine a man he is."

"Tell me, then," rejoined Eliphaz.

"Tell me, first, if you will give fifty to a young, healthy, hard-working God-fearing man whose idea is to start as a master tailor on his own account? And you know how profitable that is!"

"To a man like that," said Eliphaz, in a burst of enthusiasm, "I would give as much as twenty-seven pounds ten!"

"Unless you can promise thirty it is a waste of time mentioning his name," said Sugarman.

"Well, well—who is he?"

Sugarman bent down, lowering his voice into the father's ear.

"What! Leibel!" cried Eliphaz outraged.

"Sh!" said Sugarman. "or he will overhear your delight, and ask more. He has his nose high enough as it is."

"B—b—b—ut," spluttered the bewildered parent. "I know Leibel myself. I see him every day. I don't want a Shadchan to find me a man I know—a mere hand in my own workshop!"

"Your talk has neither face nor figure," answered Sugarman, sternly. "It is just the people one sees every day that one knows least."

Eliphaz grunted vaguely and the Shadchan went on triumphantly. "I thought as much. And yet where could you find a better man to keep your daughter?"

"But I didn't know he would be having money," murmured Eliphaz.

"Of course you didn't know. That's what the Shadchan is for—to point out the things that are under your nose."

"But where will he be getting this money from?"

"From you," said Sugarman frankly.

"From me?"

"From whom else? Are you not his employer? It has been put by for his marriage day."

"He has saved it?"

"He has not spent it," said Sugarman, impatiently.

"But do you mean to say he has saved fifty pounds?"

"If he could manage to save fifty pounds out of your wages he would be indeed a treasure," said Sugarman. "Perhaps it might be thirty."

"But you said fifty."

"Well, you can come down to thirty," retorted the Shadchan. "You cannot expect him to have more than your daughter brings."

"I never said thirty," Eliphaz reminded him. "Twenty-seven ten was my last bid."

Sugarman turned up the next day, and reported that Leibel was unobtainable under thirty pounds, and Eliphaz, weary of the contest, called over Leibel, till that moment carefully absorbed in his scientific chalk marks, and mentioned the thing to him for the first time. "I am not a man to bargain."

The formal engagement was marked by even greater junketing and at last the marriage day came. Leibel was resplendent in a diagonal frock coat, cut by his own hand, and Rose stepped from the cab a medley of flowers, fairness and white silk, and behind her came two bridesmaids her sisters—a trio that glorified the spectator strewn pavement outside the synagogue.

Leibel and Rose were not the only couple to be disposed of, for it was the thirty-third day of the Omar—a day fruitful in marriages.

But at last their turn came. They did not, however, come in their turn, and their special friends among the audience wondered why they had lost their precedence. [illegible]

buzz of talk and comment ran through the waiting synagogue. Eliphaz had not paid up!

At first he declared he would put down the money immediately after the ceremony. But the wary Sugarman, schooled by experience, demanded its instant delivery on behalf of his other client. Hard pressed, Eliphaz produced ten sovereigns from his trousers pocket and tendered them on account.

And then arose a hubbub of voices, a chaos of suggestions; friends rushed to and fro between the camps, some emerging from their seats in a synagogue to add to the confusion. But Eliphaz had taken his stand upon a rock—he had no more ready money. Tomorrow, the next day, he would have some.

The minister left his post near the canopy, under which so many lives had been united, and came to add his white tie to the forces for compromise. But he fared no better than the others. Incensed at the obstinacy of the antagonists, he declared he would close the synogogue.

At the eighth the buzz of tongues faltered suddenly, to be transposed into a new key, so to speak. Through the gesticulating assembly swept that murmur of expectation which crowds know when the procession is coming at last. By some mysterious magnetism all were aware that the Bride herself—the poor hysteric bride—had left the paternal camp, was coming in person to plead with her mercenary lover.

And as the glory of her and the flowers and the white draperies loomed upon Leibel's vision his heart melted in worship, and he knew his citadel would crumble in ruins at her first glance, at her first touch. Was it fair fighting? As his troubled vision cleared and as she came nigh unto him, he saw to his amazement that she was speckless and composed—no trace of tears dimmed the fairness of her face, there was no disarray in her bridal wreath.

The clock showed the ninth minute.

She put her hand appealingly on his arm, while a heavenly light came into her face—the expression of a Joan of Arc animating her country.

"Do not give in Leibel," she said. "Do not have me! Do not let them persuade thee! By my life thou must not! Go home!"

* * * * * *

So at the eleventh minute the vanquished Eliphaz produced the balance, and they lived happily ever afterward.

Ninety reporters are employed in the gallery of the house of commons.

A Good Name

Won by the Good Things It Has Done for Humanity

Suffering Relieved by Hood's Sarsaparilla Beyond Estimtion.

To relieve a single sufferer from excruciating pain, or to arrest the progress of a wasting disease which was leading to premature death, is truly a beneficent and praiseworthy work.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has done thousands of deeds like this, and it is constantly doing this work today.

It has won its good name by curing people who were victims of impure and impoverished blood, and who were suffering from scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples, and eruptions, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness or catarrh. It braces up the weak and worn physical system and gives strength to nerves and muscles. Remember

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Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Transparent Mirrors.

Alfred Post, a Bohemian, has invented a transparent mirror, which is now on the Vienna market. This mirror combines all the properties of the old kind of mirror with the addition that it can be entirely transparent, and can be used for lighting purposes, as a person can look through without being seen from the other side. The mirror glass is produced in large sheets, like plate glass, and is said to give special satisfaction in stores and public places. The manufacturing process has not been made public.

Foresight.

"I observe that you announce an attraction that will be wholly out of the ordinary," remarked one theatrical manager.

"Yes," replied the other confidently. "I'm going to put out a melodrama which will not make the slightest allusion to the Spanish-American war."

The working classes form 69 per cent, the middle class 28 per cent, and the upper class 3 per cent of the population of this country.

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When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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Agents Wanted Page 7

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FASHIONS AND HOUSE-HOLD

AUTUMN COATS AND CAPES.

Some Very Radical Changes This Season in Wraps of Womankind.

There are many radical changes in the autumn capes and coats. The cape comes in for first consideration, since it is the style of wrap pre-eminently suited to the first crisp days. Women who are stout and short of stature will undoubtedly feel a pang when they learn that the short, chic cape is a thing of the past. Even the dressy little wrap designed for immediate use are either long in the back or long in front. A buyer who has just returned from from Paris and London with a consignment of wraps said, when questioned about the styles:

"Tell all womankind to get rid of the short coat and cape. The new capes have rounded fronts sloping gradually off to some depth at the back, according, of course, to the wearer's height. A short woman will find a comparatively short cape more becoming, while tall, graceful figures

affect the style that sweeps down almost to the hem of the skirt behind.

"Coats are to be worn very long also, and are cut away in front after the fashion of the new capes. Fine cloth is the favorite material for wraps this year, and in point of color tan and all of the mode shades take the lead. Most of the coats and capes are fashioned with an attached flounce of the goods, and many of the former have as many as three flounces. Plain satin and plain and figured silk in all of the beautiful bright new shades are used as linings,

and some of the very dressy capes are lined from top to bottom with tiny frills of silk. The attached flounces on the capes look very smart lined with silk, but this is a matter of choice, as thick cloth is better without the lining. They are not infrequently set on with handsome applique lace or other trimming, but the coats, which vary in length from just above the knee to the ground, are finished with several rows of stitching or some fancy design in stitching.

"Long coats are very much used now, not

only for driving and traveling, as they always are, but also for general wear. When of fine material and well made the long coat is a stunning garment. Several years ago when it was the wrap of the season many women complained of its great weight when the thermometer was elsewhere than at zero, but this season finds the long coat light and comfortable in every particular. They are by long odds more graceful than any we have seen in years."

A few smart models in capes are shown. The first is of pale gray cloth lined with turquoise blue taffata shot with white and with a frill round it set with passementerie in which the cabachon turquoise is a feature. A lovely cloak is shown in the second picture. The material is very pale fawn cloth lined with shot glace silk in fawn and rose pink and trimmed with passementerie in tones of golden brown, gold and rose. The frill is cut on the bias and is unlined.

Many of the swellest designs for dressy wear are finished with plaitings of silk and chiffon, and both coarse and fine laces of good quality are employed. The little wrap so suited for general wear with any and every gown is trimmed with little pleated frills of the silk. A feature of this cape is the leaf trimming of fawn and golden brown velvet, sewed on a scroll design. Alternate motifs of ecru and black lace are much used in the same way.

Shirred yokes are noted on some very magnificent capes, which are also draped on the shoulders and finished with two flounces, one an attached flounce of the material and the other a full frill of lace or chiffon. A cape or coat without a very high collar is the exception, and seems to

lack that chic which the high collar gives to the wrap.

The cape is more useful and adaptable for general wear than the coat, but like everything else, for every advantage it has a disadvantage. The cape is a cold garment, inasmuch as the wind has a chance to get in its lining. Dressmakers are obviating this by means of arm slings, which are cut in a curve to fit the edge of the cape and are of the lining interlined with canvas. These slings or straps are sewn quite close to the edge of the cape and in a line with the bended arm.

COMING CUSTOMES.

The Tight-Fitting Coat, Fruit Trimmings for Hats, and the Useful Chatelaine.

New York, Sept. 20.—Fashionable women will appear in elegant cloth out-of-door costumes this winter, with long capes to match. The skirts of the few white or exceedingly light cloth costumes which have already appeared have either a shaped flounce or are trimmed to give that effect, and the capes have one or more shaped frills carried up the front. This circular frills fad bids fair to invade all garments from short shoulder capes to long cloaks; even dresses are decorated by them. The coat and skirt costume will hold its own of course, as short, stout women cannot wear long capes without hopelessly ageing their appearance. Nearly all coats will have high collars and large lapels. The sleeves will be almost entirely plain, cape-like collars giving in some instances the broad effect still liked.

There is an irresistibly chic air about these styles for the tall slender woman; but how about the short one? For her the fitted coat with a straight or fitted front as she prefers, and the close collar or the jacket with the vest. Vests are to be in high favor, it is certain; for many of the most elegant new jackets have vests sewn on with them. These vests are of silk of a contrasting color, usually of white moire. They are cut low enough to display a white linen chemisette. They close with hooks and eyes and separate below the waist line. A new fancy of dressmakers is to trim costumes and capes and jackets with white mohair braid, or with row upon row of cream lace. This light trimming on dark cloth garments is extremely becoming.

Gold buttons are another becoming feature of out-door garments. Altogether we have cause to congratulate ourselves on our autumn styles for wraps.

FRUIT TRIMMINGS FOR HATS.

A few weeks ago in writing of the fad for cherries as trimming for hats I predicted that other fruit would follow. Grapes are now seen on the early fall models and are beautiful if properly used. Their tones are not confined to the conventional purple but range from pale green through rich dark red, heliotrope and shaded tints of all kinds such as are seen in half ripened bunches. The leaves also are enriched by many autumn tints, and the tout ensemble is charming, brightening the plainest face.

While on the subject of hats I must not omit to mention the Louis XVI bow of velvet. It forms the sole trimming of many of the latest creations of Paris milliners, yet it is nothing more than an assemblage of loops formed of narrow ribbon velvet wound around ribbon wire and variously crinkled.

TOO MANY ORNAMENTS.

I cannot refrain from protesting against the number of ornaments worn in the daytime in fashionable society. Pendants in the rococo style are attached to fine gold chains, passed twice round the neck, so that they fall just below the throat. In nine cases out of ten a pearl necklace encircles the neck, a chatelaine hangs at the side, and a few women abjure bangles, most of them having many charms attached, a musical tinkle accompanying the movements of the wearer. Leaders of society wear diamond ornaments all the day long to the exclusion of almost any other gems save pearls, but on the most elegantly dressed woman a huge breastplate in the form of a diamond pendant would hardly have been considered good taste in the days "that are no more." We have to take our times as they are, no doubt, and not as they ought to be, and a fashionable woman who is the product of the cultivated taste and education of centuries has an untold power, and it may be best for the country that her appearance should be characterized by the most extravagant expenditure.

Japan asserts itself not only in the patterns of many of the fabrics, but also in jewelry and knicknacks, and this clever, industrious nation bids fair to become in time a potent rival in our trade. Many of the parasol handles, which are so incrusted with jeweled flowers, especially jade, are all of Japanese origin; and some of them have the initials in diamonds, while others show the Christian name, apparently in the owner's handwriting, carried out in small brilliants. As for the chatelaine this is perhaps not the case of "too many" ornaments, for the articles dangling from the up-to-date girl's waistbelt are mostly useful. There is one to be sure which causes surprise when you first notice it—the match safe. Yes, in company with the smart girl's tablets, her pencil, her vinaigrette, her miniature mirror, and the rest, you will find a match safe. The natural conclusion is that a woman carries it for the same reason a man does. But this does not follow. Matches are needed by women for so many things. There is the bicycle lamp, for instance, and, in traveling, matches are indispensable. No, we must not condemn the chatelaine.

Ostrich Feathers.

Long ostrich feathers, set upright in front or at the sides of hats and toques, continue to wave aloft in an aggressive manner, and with a warlike air of defying the battle and the breeze, which is not altogether without its charm. On a [illegible] a tall, black ostrich feather waves triumphantly, and with excellent effect, while on a toque made entirely of heliotrope blossoms, with here and there a few green leaves, a snow-white ostrich tip harmonizes well with the delicate violet tints seen in the flowers.

A novel and rather pretty notion has recently been introduced in connection with these nodding ostrich plumes, which has been so successful that it is well worthy to be chronicled here. It consists of the arrangement of two feathers set upright and placed very close together, the one serving as a kind of lining to the other. With a white feather on the outer side, for instance, and a bright rose-pink feather underneath, a very pretty blush-rose effect is obtained, as of a white feather lined with pink. Or, again, a white feather may be backed by one of deep orange or Parma violet, or white and lilac effect is obtained. Ostrich feathers arranged in this way are far prettier for hat trimmings than those which are really shaded from one color to another, and which seem, as a rule, to be dyed in particular and obstrusive shades.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

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Deservedly Popular.

"I wonder what is the great secret of Jinks' popularity?"

"He never has any troubles of his own he wants to talk about to other people, and he never wants to talk about anything else when other people want to talk to him about their troubles."

SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIANS.

We heartily recommend Dr. Hathaway & Co., of 215 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., as being perfectly reliable and remarkably successful in the treatment of chronic diseases of men and women. They cure where others fail. Our readers, if in need of medical help should certainly write these eminent doctors and you will receive a free and expert opinion of your case by return mail without cost; this certainly is the right way to do business. They guarantee their cures. Write them today.

Helpful Hints.

Mothers of golden haired little girls are often anxious to prevent the hair becoming darker as the child grows older. In such cases the following lotion will be found most useful:

Bicarbonate of soda, one teaspoonful, common salt, one-half teaspoonful; borax, one teaspoonful; castor oil, one-half ounce; rosewater and eau de cologne in equal parts, eight ounces. It should be rubbed into the scalp at bedtime.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

A midday sleep is desirable in summer for all children under the age of nine. They should sleep on the bed in a darkened room, with the window open, and drafts should be prevented by placing a screen round the bed, for drafts, even in summer, are always dangerous.

The only conveyance Colonel William J. Bryan had at Fort Omaha is an old army wagon drawn by white government mules, and Colonel Bryan and his staff rode back and forth therein between the street car line and the fort.

The Conditional Mood

If you should come and kiss me ere I knew,
If you should clasp me in your arms again
Should I resist as I've resolved to do
If you should come and kiss me ere I knew?

If you should steal behind me and caress
With throbbing fingers my too-brimful eyes,
Should I tear off your touch with sullenness
If you should steal behind me and caress?

If you should clasp my hand in yours once more
If you should sadly smile and say "forgive"
Should I resist the longing to give o'er
If you should clasp my hand in yours once more?

I fear my heart would answer ere I knew
If you should show me that you love me still,
If you should look at me and I at you
I fear my heart would answer ere I knew,

—Maude Newman—

AUNT THOMASINA.

Had She Married the Wealthy Mr. Simpson What Would Have Become of Poor Peter?

Last night, at a dance, Mr. Simpson pretended not to know me. I believe that he speaks of me in terms that would wither me if they reached my ears. I am afraid I treated him rather badly. In fact, my husband says there was no excuse for me, and he advises me not to tell the story. But my husband never lived with Aunt Thomasina.

Mr. Tredennis asked me to marry him five years ago, when I was eighteen and he was twenty-two. I said "Yes" at once. Most girls would say "Yes" to Peter. Of course he had no money. I only had Aunt Thomasina, and we agreed that we could not live on air. So he went to India to carve out a career. He left me his photograph and a diamond ring, which Aunt Thomasina would not let me wear. She did not recognize our engagement because Peter had no money. We were not even allowed to correspond.

For five years I had to live on a week of memories, a ring, and a photograph which grew rather faded and shabby as time went on. The memories suffered a little, too. But the worst thing happened to the ring—I lost it.

In spite of Aunt Thomasina's prohibition, I had got into the way of wearing it on occasions when I particularly wished to remember Peter and my promise to him. Until I lost it I always had it on when anyone made me an offer of marriage. Of course, I could not foresee exactly when an offer would be forthcoming; but as it happened, I watched its supporting sparkles when I went blackberrying with Captain Agincourt, when I met Betty Marsden's brother at Hurlingham, and when I danced every dance with Sir Dennis East at the Duchess of Star's ball. I think that I must have dropped the ring in a blackberry bush, because, though I mentioned Captain Agincourt first, in point of time he came just before Mr. Simpson.

On my twenty-third birthday, Aunt Thomasina said she could bear it no longer and that I should marry the first man who asked me. I felt sure that, if she said so, I should. Therefore, I reviewed my admirers more carefully than usual. I had not exactly forgotten Peter, but I had outgrown him. I don't know how else to describe the change that had taken place in me. From eighteen to twenty-three is a long time, at least twice as long as from thirty-eight to forty-three, for instance. Peter, dear boy, had become too young for me. When I looked at his photograph, I felt ready to be an elder sister to him. But I knew that he had seven already. I used to tell myself that he had grown older, but I never believed it. My Peter was twenty-two and had rosy cheeks.

I rather liked Mr. Simpson before we were engaged. He was one of those chirpy little men who chatter about nothing and never hear what you say to them. I had so little to say to him that I thought this trait an advantage. Aunt Thomasina told him about my engagement to Peter. She called it a "childish entanglement," and Mr. Simpson professed himself quite satisfied. I tried to feel faithless and miserable, because I considered it due to Peter. But, as a matter of fact, I rather agreed with Aunt Thomasina, who said no one but a fool would feel bound to a man she had neither seen nor heard from for five mortal years. He had probably married long ago. Besides, I knew a great many young men of twenty-two, [illegible] one of them proposed to me, [illegible] him like a mother, and told h[illegible] another ten years.

Aunt Thomasina ap[illegible] of Mr. Simpson, because he had a [illegible] deal of money. I had arrived at an [illegible] money seems desirable, but it so[illegible] struck me that marriage with Mr. Simpson was a high price to pay for it. To be sure, he did not look young, like poor Peter's photograph, but he often looked silly. At least I thought so after we were engaged.

One day he rushed into the drawing room and said that he must go to Scotland for a week, because the recent gale had played havoc with his newly planted trees.

"It's an ill wind that blows no one any good," said I.

"A week is a long time," said he, fidgeting from one foot to the other on the hearth rug.

"It soon goes," I sighed.

That night I looked at Peter's photograph, and wondered whether we should ever meet again. I pictured the meeting. It should take place at a great reception. He should recognize that he had come back too late, and his heart should ache at the sight of my incomparable beauty. Because I did think he might have written now and then, just to keep my heart up, in spite of Aunt Thomasina's prohibition. So I wanted his heart to ache. I wished my incomparable beauty had been a matter of fact. But what my imagination really boggled at was that tiresome little Mr. Simpson, who, under the circumstances, would be my husband. You can't invent a really effective sentimental situation with a man like Mr. Simpson in the foreground. Besides, Aunt Thomasina has brought me up in a very old-fashioned way, and I felt sure that I should not philander with anyone after marriage. That is partly why I did not look forward to it. As a girl, I have enjoyed many little episodes that do not concern Peter and Mr. Simpson. Captain Agincourt and I spent a very agreeable afternoon among the blackberry bushes.

While Mr. Simpson was in Scotland we telegraphed to each other every day. He had proposed writing, but I said that a correspondence by telegraph would be more of a joke. So he consented at once. The days flew, but each one helped to show me what I had half known before. I really could not marry Mr. Simpson. I knew he would not easily believe it, because he had said to Aunt Thomasina that I was a lucky girl. The memory of this remark served to keep my mind firm when it threatened to give way and pretend that it would be easier to marry Mr. Simpson than to throw him over. [illegible] when I thought of Aunt Thomasina.

The day it all happened [illegible] I was waiting in the drawing room for Mr. Simpson who had telegraphed that he would arrive about four. I looked forward to a painful interview, because about two hours ago I had dispatched his ring and an explanatory letter to his rooms. I hoped he would take it quietly, and look out for another lucky girl at once. But I did not feel at all quiet myself, and, while I waited, I had a great deal of very unpleasant imaginary conversation. This grew so harrowing that I began to think of myself as Mrs. Simpson with comparative relief, when the butler opened the door and announced some one. I did not catch the name, and, when I turned round, I did not know the man who came towards me. At least, I thought so.

"Lady Sandway is out," I began.

"Have you forgotten me, Monica?" said he.

Well, I had, and it was no wonder. I stared and stared, and could not believe my eyes. But I knew his manner, though this, too, had greatly changed.

"Five years is a long time," I murmured.

"Is it too long?" he asked, hastily. "Am I too late?"

"Why did you never write?"

"Because you forbade it."

"Oh, what a reason!"

He stood there and looked at me, and I looked at him. Dear Peter! How glad I was to see him again. Every moment I recognized something I used to know, and every moment I discovered that the boy had grown into a man.

"I wish you had never left me your photograph," I said.

"Am I too late, Monica? Don't keep me in suspense."

Mr. Simpson came in before I could speak. I introduced the two men to each other, and rang for tea. Until it came we talked of the recent gale, and, when we were left to ourselves, I started subjects of burning interest, one on the top of another.

"This is new," said Peter, at length; "I don't remember that you used to be keen about politics."

"I am a member from Shrimpington," said Mr. Simpson, as if that explained it.

I said that my interest in politics was entirely due to Aunt Thomasina, who could not go to sleep after dinner unless I read the debates to her.

"I'm told I ought to go in for politics, myself," said Peter.

I put down the sugar-basin and looked at him.

"Are you going to stay in England?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. Didn't you know? Polruan is dead, poor chap. I'm his heir."

"I thought Evans announced a strange name," said I. "Are you Lord Polruan now, then? What a difference it will make to Aunt Thomasina."

"Are you related to Lady Sandway?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"Not yet," said Peter. Then he turned to me.

"You'd rather live in England than India?" he asked.

"Certainly," I answered, "but I have always wished to see India."

"Well, that's not impossible," whispered Mr. Simpson. "What about a wedding journey there?"

"Shall we?" said I to Peter, with an appealing glance.

"Oh, if you like," he replied. He has confessed since that he thought me rather forward.

"What have you done with your ring?" said Mr. Simpson, suddenly. The one he had given me was very valuable, and I suppose he had just missed it from my hand.

"I daresay you have lost it," said Peter, good-naturedly; and I knew he referred to the one of little value that he had given me five years before. I felt quite pleased to be able to answer straightforwardly.

"I have," I said, addressing him; "I'm afraid I dropped it in a blackberry bush."

"Scissors!" said Mr. Simpson. He really said something much ruder that I should not think of repeating. I say "scissors" myself sometimes.

"Scissors!" said Mr. Simpson, "that ring cost two hundred pounds, and where do blackberry bushes grow in Bruton street?"

"Nonsense," said Peter, who by this time looked downright angry. He had very old-fashioned ideas, and did not like to hear a man use strong language in the presence of a lady. "The ring didn't cost twenty pounds. I wasn't worth two hundred when I bought it."

Mr. Simpson looked as if a new idea had just enterd his head.

"Are you the 'childish entanglement?'" he inquired.

"Has that been your description of me, Monica?" said Peter.

I took courage in my hands and turned to Mr. Simpson.

"I did not want to explain now—before Lord Polruan. I wrote to you this morning, and said what I had to say. The letter is at your ooms."

"But where is tae ring?" he cried.

"In the letter," I said.

"Do you mean that you want to jilt me? You—a girl without a penny?"

I knew he would not behave well. Perhaps I did not deserve much at his hands, but, at the same time, many men would not have said the things he tried to say—until Peter stopped him. He would not believe that I had written to him before I saw Peter, or even knew that he had come back from India with a title and a fortune. He asked me whether Aunt Thomasina knew of the letter I had written to him, and I had to confess that she did not.

"Lady Sandway will agree with me that your behavior is disgraceful," he said.

At that moment Lady Sandway entered the room. She went straight up to—Peter.

"My dear Lord Polruan," she cooed, "what a pleasure to see you again."

"Do you know what has happened, Lady Sandway?" blurted out Mr. Simpson, at once. "Your niece has thrown me over."

"Really!" said Aunt Thomasina. "Then ——"

Of course, she was a very worldly old lady, but I had never supposed her worldliness would stand me in such good stead. She threw off Mr. Simpson like an old glove, just as she had once thrown off poor Peter. But she admitted later that she never could abide Mr. Simpson's manners.

"I have just seen Lady Caroline Cadbury," she said, still standing, as if she expected Mr. Simpson to go at once.

"I shall propose to her tonight," he said, savagely.

I suppose he did, because next day she wrote to tell Aunt Thomasina that she had accepted him, and hoped I would forgive her, as it was a case of an irresistible attachment on both sides. I did not see Aunt Thomasina's reply.

Peter maintains that I treated Mr. Simpson very badly. It is all very well; but, if I had married Mr. Simpson, what would have become of Peter?

The inhabitants of Cochin, China, much prefer rotten eggs to fresh ones.

The Kidneys

are the seat or the starting point of many maladies, all of them serious, all more or less painful, and all of them tending, unless cured, to a fatal end. No organs of the body are more delicate or more sensitive than the kidneys. When symptoms of disease appear in them not a moment is to be lost if health is to be restored. The best way to treat the kidneys is through the blood, cleansing it from the poisonous matter which is usually at the [illegible] this purpose there is no remedy equal to

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Agents Wanted Page 7

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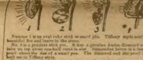

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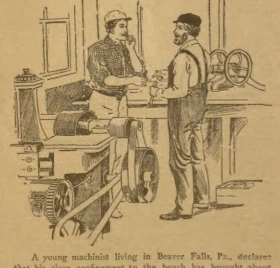

A young machinist living in Beaver Falls, Pa., declares that his close confinement to the bench has brought about some very disagreeable consequences. "It causes me to be troubled more or less with dyspepsia and biliousness," he says. "Reading of Ripans Tabules, I tried them and am well satisfied. I keep them on hand constantly, and when the bilious spells come on I take the Tabules for two or three days, and am then O. K. again."

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113, 115 DEARBORN ST.,
Chicago, Illinois.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Copy One Month.....25 cents
One Copy Six Months.....$1.00
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We could not utter it better, though we tried.
I and the boys appreciate the comment.
For the good, green spring, I regaten and remain
Yours truly,
The Chicago Ledger of brands and hats,
And the new life, yet unknown.

SARAH'S ELDEST.

The Christening Went Off Very Beautifully Save at the End.

BY KENNETH HEDROD.

The bishop looked at the baby and smiled. Accent morning sniffed around the fonts the sweet and soothing odor of the great and priceless growing things. The green stalks of the lilies of the valley, the white and pink roses in vases of gold—and the baby himself, with their joy among the opening fruit in the hearts of the mother and father, and the love of all by the cots crib.

The bishop's porch of the old, old farm house—an echo, seeming, of another day—looked out on the same scene that he had looked on when he was a child in a time long before the days of the mother and father of the baby. The same trees and flowers.

Now and then an ear of the pearly barley would fall from her hands into the lap of gown and the world, for an instant, look as though it were a field of golden grain and the dark green would become silvery, like the leaves of the olive trees in the valley of Jordan. Then the mother would wave and turn down together in the old and schoolhouse, and the baby would look up and smile at the flowers at the knitting bees, and then—they would be quiet.

Sarah Ann Jane took off her best shoes and stockings and put on her old ones and went out to the barn and milked a dozen of the cows. She would arrange them again comfortably in their new stalls, singing the tune into the refrain that time had made above the gray hair over them. Then, of a sudden, she would stop and look around to see if the baby was awake, and, seeing that he was, by sheer force pulling herself back to the duties of the day, would go on with the work remains in the morning of the past.

Sarah Ann Jane was the only other wife of Mr. Spencer, who did not intrude into the domain of the mother and father of the baby. She was a woman of few words, and those few, though she hummed to herself some odds and ends of tunes, were not spoken to the world that long since had been cold her. I

THE HAG.

A Mystery Of A Beautiful Magician.

By Leroy Armstrong.

(Copyrighted, by the author, 1898.)

SYNOPSIS.

[The opening chapters deal with the first discovery of "The Hag" in the grounds of Mr. Everett Bell, at Lake Forest, by a gardener working there. Mr. Bell determines to have her in two places at once, and with the assistance of a leading theater of an unknown society lady, Marian Thurlow, is injured while outside the scenes. Following this mysterious accident comes a search for the "Hag" throughout Chicago. Detectives to assist the two principals are employed, and Allan Pinkerton, of course, takes a hand in the affair. The by-play continues, and, while mystified at the many strange happenings, the characters go on with their amusement, [to conclude.]

CHAPTER IX.

"You are not safe while I live; for I am dangerous.

"No, thanks," she laughed, with the jolly mercurial touch of the metropolitan girl, though like that of no other woman in the world, "I'm not dangerous to you in any way. Or I don't want a thing."

"But, my dear—"

"Not a thing. I have my own notes—and drunken." She laughed again. It was an inspiration to Dalton. It was at once a disaster for exercising the evil spirits of the night and a boon.

"Then you have a concert on this evening, have you?" he ventured, nodding his head, but not opening the supper and going out the room, and she sang:

"The moon looks
On many brooks.
The brook can be seen but the—"

She had heard the wife of Everett Bell sweep the vacancy from Mayer. She had to finish:

"The brook can be seen but the—"

"Turnbrackets. How did you come out?"

"In the box."

"Yes—"

"Yes. She's back there talking tariff reports with a man from the government at Washington."

"Does she know you're here?"

"No. She thinks I'm—somewhere else. I'm not supposed to be here. I'm supposed to be at the Auditorium, in the middle of the last paragraph, and some one to be shouting, 'Fire!' Then I'm supposed to be dragged shouting toward the street, and the audience to be following. But I'm not. I'm here."

"Why?"

"Because you're my impertinent puppy, or I'm—"

"You won't be bullied. I'm a responsible man; I'm a millionaire; I can buy and sell you a dozen times."

"I don't want to be sold. I'm not for sale out of your diaphragm. I'll do it, too."

"You will do what you have thought he would. When the pistols leaped simultaneously from your hands, you, Mr. Everett Bell tumbled backward over his chair, and Miss Thurlow, who was in the box, fell forward, and as she fell through the door to the outer room,—"

Then he saw that he had gone too far. And he was to so much of a hurry that he seemed the master.

Ward Bellingham, M. D., specialist in nervous diseases, was in his office when he let himself in with the latch-key which he had taken from crystalling, and then sat down to smoke in his easy chair.

"I don't understand the A B C of it at all," he said aloud, "but some things are not that's married man can dream about, and remember."

Yesterday he spent with his wife at the Union eague club for luncheon. And there he met Ed Thorne, and told him never a word.

CHAPTER X.

For murder, though it may not tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

Ward Bellingham relaxed as time came a comfortable place on comer hill board in Lake Forest, and Everett Bell, who had been in the Mercy hospital of in surgery that he might be near his wife, who was there for an operation for the removal of a tumor, was getting about and continued to dis- itself into his brain with the hammer of that terrible and overwhelming agony.

Then at last was the date set for the mid-summer fete, and Marian Thurlow was to be the queen of the festival. She was delighted that the city season was closing, and a night be beautiful. He knew the whole country for two hundred miles had been roused, and that Darby and Joan were way assisting Mrs. Everett Bell. Wayne and Omaha would say everything about it, and so would the papers of Chicago.

And he also knew it meant something in the social world, of course, of Marian Thurlow's very establishment. That auspicious incidence in things was progressing, more movement on the red letter day. And he knew that Mrs. Bell was getting well, and that the city might begin to live. Crowds

MODERN GRANDMOTHERS.

You "wonder where they've gone to, those grandmothers of yore,
With such quaint old nursery jingles, that we always cried for more,
With their spectacles and aprons, and their ruffled muslin caps,
And their puffs of snowy hair and their broad, enticing laps?"

Why, they've gone, dear, with the children of those old and happy days,
When little ones were little ones, in thoughts and acts and ways;
When everything was different and simpler [illegible] days were [illegible].
Those days are gone, "the times have changed," with that, the whole is [illegible].

The grandma of the "modern child" must [illegible] and talk and dress,
If not, I fear, the modern child might love her grandma less,
For lads and lassies of these days are critical, I ween,
With a grandma of "ye olden time" they wouldn't once be seen.

But, after all, beneath the dress, and this we won't forget,
That grandma's grandma, now as then, her love is ours yet,
And if the children turn to her—demand her look and care,
They'll find that underneath it all the grandma's always there.

THE FOREST DUEL.

The Terrible Battle Which a Tiger and Boar Waged in Plain View of a Hunter.

BY JAMES INGLIS.

In the silent solitude of these remote wilds, where savage animals hold undisturbed sway, rare scenes of thrilling interest are constantly occurring. Tragedies are enacted that would startle even the most sluggish circulation into bounding excitement.

The scenes in an Indian jungle, especially when the rapid twilight has given place to the dim, misty, mysterious night, are indeed indescribable. Often in the morning one may come across the evidences of a death-struggle, a ghastly encounter, or a dear-bought victory, in the blood-stained and torn bushes and grass, the clawed and tossed up roots and earth, and often the crunched and shattered bones of some poor victim that may have battled stoutly for his life against the midnight robber, or been struck down swiftly and surely beneath the mighty paw of the great striped king of the jungle.

Sometimes, however, the fight does not [illegible] to the truth of this fact; it was a memorable scene; I can never forget it. I had been down at Fussesh, taking note of the different processes in manufacturing indigo, and had been delayed longer than I intended by the bursting of a press. I resolved to make the best of a bad job, and remain at Fussesh for the night. While cooking operations were proceeding, I had time to chat with the herdsmen, who informed me that in some thick jungle below the factory, they had reason to believe that two tigers had taken up their abode.

Presently, Debnurian Singh, the Gomastah himself, on his elephant, came clanking up to the factory with his report. He was accompanied by several villagers, all chattering and talking loudly, and from their excited conversation it was evident that some unusual event had occurred. On coming across a large open piece of cultivation, bordered by a belt of tall-growing and rather dense grass jungle, the party had come across the torn carcase of a cow, still bleeding and warm; and in the gathering gloom the keen-sighted villagers had been able to see the tracks of two tigers in the soft earth. The Gomastah had two or three pits dug near by, in which to ensconce himself and lie in wait to kill his quarry at unawares.

I never for a moment thought of sitting up for tiger. In the Kosee jungles such foolhardiness is not common. However, as

"The boar now gave two or three short, ripping gashes."

a Gomastah volunteered to go with me, I determined to try the novel experience of shooting from a deer-pit.

This mode of shooting is commonly practiced by the native shikarees in these jungles. They select a spot generally near the edge of the jungle, some little distance from the tracks of the pig or deer or such animals as frequent their fields, and here they form a shallow pit some two or three feet deep, the earth from which they dispose of in the shape of a sloping breastwork all round. To guard against a possible surprise from the rear—for tigers are, of course, very numerous where other game is so plentiful—they commonly stick some strong prickly branches, of acacia or other barbed jungle bushes, on the side nearest to the cover. The sportsman's head being thus only two feet or a foot and a half above the level of the ground, and the space in front being clear and open, any animal, as big as even a jackal, coming between the level of his eye and the sky-line in front, affords an easy mark.

To such a pit I was conducted by my swarthy guide. I made myself as comfortable as I could in it, while Jhanki huddled himself up in a very small space behind me. It was now nearly 10 o'clock. The watery, crescent moon struggled with the fitful, evanescent, tumbled waste of formless clouds. Far away one could hear the ceaseless, mysterious swish of the swift river rolling down its turbid flood to mingle with the mighty Ganges in the distant valley.

A quivering, long-drawn, pulsating sigh seemed to be wafted at intervals across the dark, misty plain, as the cold night breeze swept through the feathery tops of the long jungle grass, and the bending stalks rustled and shivered and nodded their plumed heads together. Ever and anon a Brahmin duck called to its mate, or the low, muffled tinkle of a cow-bell, would break the brooding silence. The sounds of distant tom-toms would beat in occasionally like a throbbing pulse upon the still night air, and then all would die away again, and deep silence brooded like a pall upon the scene.

The atmosphere was heavy with the penetrating odor of cattle-dung fires, burnt at every Bantan all night, partly to scare off wild beasts, but quite as much to ward off the attacks of the hordes of mosquitoes which hover in clouds about the camps. Occasionally a soft, stealthy footfall would make itself barely perceptible to our strained sense of hearing, as an inquisitive jackal, or possibly a porcupine or mongoose, would creep near.

All of a sudden Jhanki gently touched my arm, and whispered in my ear, so low that I could scarcely catch his accents: "Look to the right, sir!"

I noiselessly turned my head in the direction indicated, and felt a thrill as I saw what seemed in the misty gray shadows of the night, looming big and indistinct against the dull sky-line, to be a great bulky mass, which Jhanki assured me in the same low whisper was an enormous boar. He was coming straight toward us, slouching along in a seemingly slovenly, unconcerned manner, stopping now and then to give a self-satisfied grunt, and rooting with his great, strong, flexible snout at almost every step.

I was just about taking a sight to cover the boar's brawny chest, when suddenly he struck an attitude, and raised his head, and stood out clearer, sharper, and well defined, a noble picture of unconscious grace and massive strength. Immediately from the jungle came forth a sudden, growling, prolonged roar, which told us that more royal prey was afoot.

Jhanki's clutch upon my arm was becoming tighter. I could hear his quick, sharp breath as he hissed in my ear: "A tiger!"

The tusker did not seem exceedingly alarmed. His attitude seemed to say: "I fear no foe, and I care not for the growl even of a tiger." Lowering his head with an angry toss, he gave a loud and savage grunt—a deep "hoo! hoo!"—as if taking up the challenge, and defying the tiger to do his worst.

And now I became witness of such a scene as it is only possible to witness in these wild jungles, where the most thrilling tragedies are being continually rehearsed. As if accepting the grunt of the boar as a gage of battle, a louder roar from the jungle was the response, and forth into the arena with a bound, came out a magnificently-formed young tiger, lashing his lean flanks with his angry tail, his moustachios bristling with rage, his lips retracted, showing his gleaming fangs, and the bushy hair round his throat and neck stiff, like a great ruff around his fine, fierce face, as he seemed determined to force the fighting and win the victory by a sudden coup.

Alas, for the young tiger! He was evidently unsophisticated, and not well versed in jungle attack. He had probably been accustomed to find such quarry as straying deer, or a lazy, stray heifer of the herd [illegible] magnificent roar. The old gray boar he had grappled on now, however, was a champion of quite a different kidney, much to the tiger's evident astonishment. It was really whimsical to observe the young tiger's sudden attitude of bewilderment.

The old boar did not seem to mind the roar so much as might have been anticipated. He actually repeated his "hoo! hoo!" only in a, if possible, more aggressive, insulting, and defiant manner. Nay, more, such was his temerity, that he actually advanced with a short, sharp rush in the direction of the striped intruder. I am sure that if the tiger could have retreated then with an dignity, he would have been content to have "cried off" there and then. He evidently found that he had "woke up the wrong passenger," and that possibly for his first fight he had caught rather a tartar; and the boar seemed on his part rather to resent his intrusion as something which was not to be tolerated for an instant. This rash, presumptuous, intrusive bully, tiger or no tiger, must be taught to respect the rights of priority of possession.

The tiger was now crouching low, crawling stealthily round and round the boar, who changed front with every movement of his lithe and sinewy adversary, keeping his determined head and sharp, deadly tusks ever facing his stealthy and treacherous foe.

The bristles of the boar's back were up at a right angle from the strong spine. The wedged-shaped head poised on the strong neck, and the thick rampart of muscular shoulder was bent low, and the whole attitude of the body betokened full alertness and angry resoluteness.

In their circlings the two brutes were now nearer to each other and nearer to us. The tiger was now growling and showing his teeth; and all this, that takes such a time to tell, was but the work of a few short minutes. Crouching now still lower, till he seemed almost flat on the ground, and gathering his sinewy limbs beneath his lithe, lean body, he suddenly startled the stillness with a loud roar, and, quick as lightning, sprang upon the boar.

For a brief minute the struggle was thrilling in intense excitement. With one swift, dexterous sweep of the strong paw, the tiger fetched the boar a terrific slap right across the jaw, which made the strong beast reel; but with a hoarse grunt of resolute defiance, with two or three short, sharp digs of the strong head and neck, and swift, cutting blows of the cruel, gashing tusks, he seemed to make a hole or two in the tiger's coat, and presently both combatants were streaming with gore. This was round number one.

The boar had evidently got more than he bargained for. The tremendous buffet of the sharp claws had torn flesh and skin away from off the boar's cheek and forehead, leaving a great ugly flap hanging over his face, and half blinding him.

But Master Stripes had not come off scatheless. There were two or three ugly rips in his chest and neck, from which copious streams were flowing, and there was a troubled indecision about the sweep of his long tail which betokened a mind ill at ease, and seemed to say: "I wish I were well out of this."

The pig was now on his mettle. With another hoarse grunt he made straight for the tiger, who very dexterously eluded the charge, and lithe and quick as a cat after a mouse, doubled almost on himself, and alighted clean on the boar's back, inserting his teeth above the shoulders, tearing with his claws, and biting out great mouthfuls of flesh from the quivering carcass of his maddened antagonist. He seemed now to be having all the best of it. So much so, that the boar discreetly stumbled and fell forward, whether by accident or design I know not; but the effect was to bring the tiger clean over his head, sprawling clumsily on the ground. I almost shouted, "Ah, now you have him!" for the tables were turned. This was round number two.

Getting his forefeet on the tiger's prostrate body, the boar now gave two or three short, ripping gashes with the strong, white tusks, almost disemboweling his foe, and then, exhausted seemingly by the effort, apparently giddy and sick, he staggered aside, and lay down panting and champing his tusks, but still defiant, with his head to the foe. This was round number three.

But the tiger, too, was sick—sick unto death. The blood-letting had been too much for him. And now, thinking that it was time for the interference of a third party, I let the two disabled combatants have the contents of both my barrels, and we had the satisfaction presently of seeing the struggling limbs grow still.—Wide World Magazine.

HOW ALICE GOT A WHEEL.

The Gift She Made to the Soldier Boys Brought Her Good Luck.

BY FRED THORP GRENELL.

"Mother, dear, please come here."

Alice was speaking. Alice with dark brown hair and blue lustrous eyes. Alice, who was demure and graceful and who sat at the window busily engaged in writing to Jack, the big brother who had gone south with the Massachusetts troops.

"I've written most everything, mother. All about the school, and the tiny new kittens, and the cakes you baked, and—and you—and—and—and most everything. O, yes, and the fact I want a bicycle. 'Cause I do want one, you know."

"Yes, Alice, but now that Jack has left, mother can't afford it. Wait until you see what Jack says."

The mother and daughter were alone. The loving husband and father died two years before, and big-hearted Jack, working in a nearby factory, had since then been the mainstay of the family. Alice was only 12 and, as yet, was attending school.

Jack, the only son, was a boy in spirits, a man in age. He had just passed his 22d birthday. Graduating from the high school at 18, he entered the factory and had risen successfully from office boy to bookkeeper an then to superintendent of one of the departments.

Six months before the war broke out Jack entered the local military company, and his enthusiasm for the work so carried away his fellow-soldiers that when the office of captain became vacant he was quickly elected to fill the position. And fill it he did, in such a manner that it soon became one of the best drilled in the state.

His regiment was called out with many others when the president made his proclamation calling for troops. A bank account of [illegible] his mother and dear little sister would not want, and he went away with tears [illegible] ready to offer himself, if need be, on the altar of his country.

The postman's whistle sounded early one June morning.

"Letter for you, miss," he cried cheerily as he handed a yellow envelope postmarked "Tampa," "and one for your mother, too."

Alice hastened down the side porch to receive them and eagerly returned to her mother. The next half hour was spent in reading and rereading the story of hardship and hope from the boy at the front.

"Pretty hard times down here," Jack wrote. "Lots of food, but not enough variety. We've been living on pork and beans and beans and pork for a month. Wish I had some of those pies you bake. We boys wouldn't do a thing to them. Better give Alice a wheel. I think we can spare it. It should do her good."

The next day, Sunday, Alice went to church with her mother. The hope of having a wheel rung in her ears, and she had laid awake half the night thinking of what splendid rides she and the girls next door would take.

The pastor preached a sermon on the joys of self-sacrifice and unselfishness; how it is better to give than to receive. Alice listened as though in a trance. And she thought and thought of the minister's words. Somehow she could not just give up her hope of having a wheel, and going home she spoke to her mother about it.

"Jack wanted it," Alice argued with all the joy of childish enthusiasm, and the mother finally said she could have one next day.

That afternoon in Sunday school the thought of a wheel continually dinned itself in her ears, and, strange to relate, the thought of the boys in camp, who were tired and hungry under a tropical sun, also came to her.

In the evening at her bedside Alice began her evening prayer, and asked God to help her big brother Jack. The minister's words on self-sacrifice again came to her. She believed in God, and the prayer took on a new meaning.

It was a fierce struggle within her and unselfishness triumphed. Alice decided then and there to give up her wheel, and to spend the money on pies and cakes and roast beef and chicken for Jack.

She began to wonder how many pies she could buy for $50. And whether chickens were better than pies, and what cows cost. Then she went to sleep and dreamed of a great big pie lying on the floor with heaps of $50 gold pieces on top, roosters standing on the edges, cows in the background, and they were all crowing, mooing or crying: "We want to go to Jack."

Next morning Alice dressed herself early and crept down to her mother's room. The mother awoke at her approach and Alice told her the plan. To think was to act, and by 10 o'clock the same morning a score of the neighbors were in Alice's home, busily engaged in baking pies, cakes, cookies, chickens and other toothsome things for the soldier boys in Jack's regiment.

Even the little girls next door came in between school time to wash and pick over berries. And the next morning a huge box of the choicest lot of edibles that ever went south was sent to Jack, accompanied by a letter explaining what had caused the contribution.

There was a jolly crowd in Tampa two days later. The boys had just been paid, but money could not buy in the shops of Tampa anything to equal this gift.

A company meeting was held the same night after dress parade and a pot of money was raised to buy Alice a wheel and show that they appreciated the gift. An order with the cash was then forwarded to a northern firm, and ten days later Alice not only received a wheel, but the heartfelt thanks of a company of soldiers who will never forget her.

ANY PERSON

Wishing to know the truth in regard to their health should not fail to send for a valuable and new 64-page Booklet which will be sent free for a short time to those who mention this paper. This book is published by the celebrated physicians and specialists—Dr. Hathaway & Co., of 22 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., whom you should address. Write today.

IN A TRAP.

Tale of a Catamount and How I Won an Old Man's Confidence.

BY R. H. BUCKHAM.

My early boyhood was spent on a farm in the extreme northern part of the state of Vermont. That particular portion of the Green Mountain State in which we then lived is wild and mountainous; and its rough and rugged surface is covered with heavy growths of evergreen timber, even to this day. At the time of which I write, it was much more sparsely populated than it is at present, and father's farm, lying well up among the foothills of the mountains, was about as isolated as any homestead in Vermont at that time.

About the farm on every side rose the high and heavily wooded hills, and these solemn and forbidding eminences, looking down upon us with lofty indifference, were the only neighbors that we had. No, not the only ones, after all, for in a hut diagonally across the road from our house lived "Old Silas," a neighbor, however, only in name, who would not be able to lay much claim to the appellation.

Who Silas was, and what his past history had been, nobody knew; although his tall, lank figure, clad in a faded army cloak, and long, gray beard and flowing locks were familiar to all. In his rough-hewn, little cabin, far removed from the publicity of the highway, amid a sheltering group of evergreens, he lived all alone by himself, gaining a meager subsistence by keeping a few hens, a pig and a cow, and roaming about in the woods in quest of game and fur-bearing animals.

At least, this, for aught the community knew, was his mode of gaining a livelihood, for, to do their best, the most artful of the residents of that mountain vicinity could never succeed in engaging Silas in a conversation of any length, or extract anything whatever from him as to his private affairs. But, though no definite information could be obtained as to him, yet rumor was by no means at a loss to supply the deficiency, and vague reports of all sorts were rife about him; that he was a refugee from some asylum; that he was at swords' points with the world; and that under no circumstances would he approach, or even pass by, the village church in the valley, twelve miles below, making long detours through the fields to avoid the necessity of [illegible].

Quite naturally, Silas was regarded as having no part in the community, and as not a member of it. Although he lived so near to us, we never could make his acquaintance. Any overtures of ours toward establishing friendly relations met a similar response with those of others, and we, his nearest neighbors, were not even familiar with the sound of his voice.

As most boys do, I early became imbued with the desire to earn a little money, and after long deliberation, determined to attempt collecting furs, to be sent to market with such meagre portions of our farm produce as we were able to part with. There was an abundance of game animals about the farm, and if "old Silas" could make money in that manner, as he was said to do, I felt confident that I could as well.

After considerable urging, my father was finally prevailed upon to purchase me a rifle, and allow me to use it. It was not a remarkable piece, which he finally put into my hands, being of primitive design and having already seen hard service, but it was a priceless acquisition, in my eyes, and, as it carried a good-sized ball, I felt sure that it would do good execution.

My first attempts in my newly adopted occupation did not meet with a remarkable degree of success. In fact, I succeeded in securing but one pelt, that of a gray fox, during the first two months of my endeavors. Then it was that I conceived of an idea which threw my father into fits of laughter with its mere mention. I would ask our recluse neighbor to take me in as a partner, and teach me how to hunt and trap.

"Silas take you into partnership?" father gasped, between bursts of uncontrollable mirth; "why, boy, he'd no more have you around than he would a rattlesnake. He teach you, indeed! Not he!"

My ardor was somewhat dampened at this reception of my proposition, but I nevertheless resolved to make the attempt of approaching Silas on the subject secretly, that I might escape my parent's ridicule in case of failure. For some days I hung about in the road, too fearful to approach nearer, but, at last, I mustered sufficient courage to enter.

I found the old man out behind his hovel, making some much needed repairs upon his henhouse, a very dilapidated affair. With quaking limbs, I approached as near as I dared, ready to run at the least sign of danger, and in faltering tones made known my [illegible].

Silas did not reply, or notice me in any way. Not a muscle of his face moved, and after standing some minutes in awkward silence, I turned to withdraw. As I did so, I heard him muttering to himself: "How dare he come here! Ah, now I know! It's that young rascal that has been stealing my hens! Oh, but I'll put a stop to that!"

I was too frightened to wait to hear more, or to attempt to declare my innocence, but took to my heels and ran home at the top of my speed. When safely back home again, however, my uneasiness began to increase rather than diminish. I then realized that I should have remained and explained that I had touched none of his hens, instead of fleeing guiltily, as I had done.

That would have been the proper course to pursue, and the more I thought of it, the more it troubled me. What if Silas should conclude from my conduct that his suspicions were correct, and retaliate in some way! How I wished that I had never gone near him! I dared not tell my parents of the matter, for fear of their displeasure. Nothing remained for me to do but to go back and offer an explanation.

This required no ordinary degree of fortitude, but there seemed to be no other alternative, and on the morrow I again approached the lonely hovel. Silas was at the henhouse, as before, but so busily engaged in digging before its door, that I dared not interrupt him, and quietly retired. Again on the following day, I returned, only to find him similarly engaged. His excavation had now become so broad and deep that his person was entirely concealed from view, and nothing but the shovelfuls of earth, tossed in regular succession out on the sward, betrayed his presence.

What he was doing, I could not imagine, but as it would be impossible to speak to him until the undertaking was completed, whatever it was, I gave up the idea of con-

"It is the young rascal who stole my hens."

ciliating Silas, and postponed my intended explanation to [illegible]. Two or three days after that, father was compelled to send me to the village on an urgent errand. It was just at supper time that the necessity of my going arose, which entailed my making the trip, twenty-four miles in all, after dark.

"It's no small undertaking, my boy," counseled father, "but I guess you can do it all right. Ride the gray mare and—yes, you might take your rifle with you, so that you may feel perfectly safe."

It was a bright moonlight night, and I accomplished the journey, down and back, with ease, reaching home again safely by 11 o'clock. Just as I was entering the gateway, my blood was suddenly chilled by one of the most weird and piercing cries that I had ever heard. It seemed to come directly from the rear of Silas' hovel, and though it scarcely seemed a human cry, yet, after all, it sounded much as the shriek of an individual in dreadful agony.

A sudden intuition flashed across my startled brain. It was Silas! That sound, so unnatural and uncanny, must have been his voice, and he was in distress!

For a moment I sat irresolute in the saddle, and then there occurred to me my intention of placating Silas and my unsuccessful attempts of the past few days. Here was an opportunity of doing so! Leaping to the ground, I hastily tied the horse to a neighboring tree, and, seizing my rifle firmly, ran toward the lonely hovel back among the deep shadows of the trees.

No sooner had I reached its vicinity than I beheld a sight which quickly brought me to a standstill. Out of the black shadows of the evergreens rushed Silas, his army cloak streaming in the wind behind him. Down to the door of his henhouse he ran, and there fell upon his knees. "Aha! you young rascal!" he shouted, "you're safely in there, are you?" At that very instant he suddenly disappeared from my sight.

For a moment all was still, and then another piercing cry rang out, far differing from the first, intensely human: "Help! Help!"

I hastened forward, in dire perplexity as to what could be the meaning of all that had occurred. Before the henhouse door I came upon a mound of earth, and then a deep hole—Silas' inexplicable excavation. Upon peering down into it I beheld a sight which might well have shaken older and firmer nerves than mine. There was the old man, all in a heap at its bottom, quaking with terror, for beside him, the picture of anger and ferocity, was an immense catamount, caught by the leg in a steel trap.

The broken sticks and dead leaves at the bottom of the pit lent me the clew which then told me all. Silas had set a deadfall for the poultry thief, no doubt supposing it to be me; but it had proved instead a catamount from the neighboring hill, cunningly having chosen to prowl about his lonesome hut in preference to the more exposed outbuildings of his neighbors. The old man, upon hearing its cry when caught, had rushed out, and, in his over-eagerness, precipitated himself into the deadfall also.

A single shot from my rifle put him out of his danger and, by dint of hard pulling and tugging, I finally succeeded in dragging him out of the hole. For a moment he stood intently looking into my face. Then gradually the old, hard, wild look disappeared from his countenance, and, laying his heavy hand kindly upon my shoulder, he exclaimed, with deep emotion: "Yes, yes, my lad; we will go into partnership! I will teach you how to trap, and you shall teach me to come out of my sinful selfishness and be a man again."

On the following Sabbath, the villagers were astonished, nay, astounded at the sight which they then beheld; for in our family pew, at my side, sat "old Silas!" Nor did their wonder at all abate when they learned that he and I were intending to do a little trapping together, during the approaching season.—New York Ledger.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

On August 16th, September 6th and 20th and October 4th and 18th, 1898, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round-trip excursion tickets (good for 21 days) to a great many points in South and North Dakota and other Western and Southwestern states at practically one fare for the round trip. Take a trip West and see what an amount of good land can be purchased for a very little money. Further information as to rates, routes, prices of farm lands, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago, and mention you saw this in the Chicago Ledger.

Mrs. Payne—So you have been to cooking school? That'll be so nice. Now tell me how you make bread? Cook—Oh, we hadn't got as far as bread when I graduated. Mrs. Payne—Not so far as bread? For mercy's sake, what were you doing all the time you were at the school? Cook—Oh, lot's o' things. We learned, for instance, how to wear our aprons in the right way, and after that we had lessons every day in imitating what the teacher cooked.

THE POWER OF A MOTHER'S VOICE.

A mother sang to her child one day
A song of the beautiful home above,
Sang it as only a woman sings
Whose heart is full of a mother's love.

And many a time in the years that came,
He heard the sound of that low, sweet song;
It took him back to his childhood days;
It kept his feet from the paths of wrong.

THE DRAGON FLY.

How a Boy Learned the Sweet Lesson of Mercy.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

The Fiddler Crab held up his one big claw like a shield and fed himself very fast with one of his little claws.

The tide was out and there was a good deal to eat on the narrow sand flat near the road where, down among the reeds and the marsh grass, the Fiddler Crab and his family made their home.

I don't know just what the Fiddler Crab eats—something the tide brings, perhaps—but whatever it was he was eating it as fast as a little boy eats his breakfast when he is going to a picnic. Just then the Dragon Fly came along, chasing a gnat or something, and stopped to rest on a spear of grass near by.

"What are you stuffing your breakfast down in such a hurry for?" he called to the Crab. "Don't you know it isn't good for you to eat so fast?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about that," answered the Fiddler, "but I'd rather have a little stomach ache than be killed, and I'm afraid for my life here every minute. I must eat fast and get back into the water out of sight."

As the Fiddler Crab said this his eyes stuck out at least a half an inch on two funny little sticks that were a good deal like a short two tined fork with the eyes fastened on the points. He looked so droll that the Dragon Fly could hardly help laughing. He did not laugh, though, and looked very grave, as he said:

"Why, Mr. Fiddler, what has happened? What is the trouble?"

"A boy!" replied the Crab. "A naughty little boy who came along here yesterday. He threw stones at us and broke off my uncle's big claw and nearly killed a lot of my other folks. About three hundred and fifty of my relatives are breakfasting over there on the next flat, and I came over here to stand guard and give the warning if he comes again."

"Well, well," said the Dragon Fly, "I do believe it is the very same boy that almost killed me with the branch of a tree. He stood down there on the bridge, and just as I came flying along, not thinking of any harm, swish came a great busy brushy limb that grazed my wings and frightened me into a fit. The best hunting is along the road, too; right in the very place he can reach us. What are we going to do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," began the Fiddler Crab, and then all at once he threw up his big claw and his eyes stuck out just as far as ever the two little sticks would let them.

"Sh!" he whispered. "Here he comes now!" Then he made a clicking sound with his claws and there was a hurry and scamper behind a bunch of marsh grass where his three hundred and fifty relatives were sidling into the water.

"Sh!" he whispered once more. "Better lie low, Mr. Dragon Fly, and maybe he won't see us."

So the Dragon Fly crept down the stalk of grass out of sight and the Fiddler Crab sidled into the reeds close to him. Then they kept still and listened.

They heard the little boy talking and knew that somebody must be with him. Pretty soon they could hear what he was saying.

"Oh, mamma," they heard him say, "Right here yesterday I saw about a million Fiddler Crabs! I threw a stone at them and you ought to have seen them run—all going sideways—so funny! I knocked a claw off one of them, but I didn't quite kill any. I will next time!"

"Why, Eddie," answered the soft voice, that the Dragon Fly and the Fiddler liked, because it sounded good and gentle.

"Yes, and right over there I saw a big blue Dragon Fly, and I broke a branch off a bush and when he came along I stood on the bridge and swung the branch around and just grazed him. I waited there a long time, but he didn't come back any more."

"Why do you want to kill the poor Crab and the Drag Fly?" asked the soft voice.

"Oh, just because," said the little boy. "Let's sit down here on the bank and watch for them."

"Eddie," said the other voice, as they paused and sat down, "don't you know that the Fiddler Crab and the Dragon Fly love to live, just as we do? That they love the blue sky and the sea and the sunshine?"

Mr. Crab and Mr. Dragon Fly, peeking out through the grass, saw the little boy digging in the ground with a stick.

"Think, Eddie, how it would hurt you to be hit with a big stone that broke off your arm, or with a limb that scratched and tore you. And how sorry papa and all of us would be. The Fiddler Crab and the Dragon Fly have their families, too. You don't want to be cruel, do you?"

The little boy did not answer right away, and the other voice continued:

"Everything, Eddie, that lives loves its life. We kill only in self-defense and for food. If you think a moment I know you do not wish to hurt any defenseless creature or take just for fun a life you cannot give back again."

Then the little boy answered, but his voice was so weak that the Crab and the Dragon Fly had to listen very hard to hear what he said.

"I didn't think about that," he said, still digging away in the sand. "'Cause I don't want to kill them if it hurts and—and they have mammas and papas and—oh, mamma, do you suppose that one's claw will ever grow out again?"

"Perhaps. I've heard of such things."

"Will it, mamma? Do you suppose it will really? I'll never try to kill anything again—never! Oh, there they are now!"

Sure enough! The Dragon Fly and the Fiddler Crab had felt so happy to hear him say those words that they had popped right out of their hiding places. The Fiddler Crab was sliding back and forth across the sand and the Dragon Fly dancing up and down in the air just above him. Then suddenly from behind the clump of marsh grass sidled the three hundred and fifty relatives, wavering, while across the marsh came the Dragon Fly family under the blue sky.

The little boy laughed and shouted and clapped his hands. The sun shone brightly upon the fields and sea.

A Sharp Newsboy.

New York has produced a newsboy whose methods would probably meet with success elsewhere. One afternoon he appeared on the boulevard with his arms filled with evening papers, and from his neck hung a board on which was printed: "Hush! Noise is a nuisance. Buy of me and prevent shouting." The word "Hush!" which was printed in large, black letters, at once attracted the attention of passers-by, and almost every man who stopped to read the sign bought a paper to encourage the silent newsboy.

Thrift.

Parker—My wife has the most extravagant ideas of economy.

Harker—How so?

"She sent me a telegram last week while I was in Philadelphia that cost me $1.50, just because there were only three of my stamped envelopes left."

Agents Wanted Page 7

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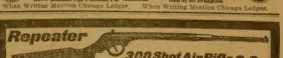

[illegible]
BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Rifle Dept., Boyce Building, Chicago.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

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SYNOPSIS.

Winnie Ruston, 17 and pretty, arrives in Chicago in search of her father, an old cattle ranchman, who has disappeared from his home in Texas. She goes to the Dublin, where she hopes to get a clue to a questionable house kept by Mrs. Quigley. The girl is dragged out and, for Winnie becomes suspicious, but is shown her father's name as one who had inquired about his being sick. Mrs. Quigley enters Winnie's room and tells her that Mr. Ruston had left the house with a man who came to see him, and he never came back. He decides to get this girl out of the way, and decoys her from the house by sending a note to her that her father is sick on a vessel in the harbor. She goes to the dock in search of him and is taken from the dock into the lake. She is rescued by Parlee and taken to his launch to shore. The young man takes her to a respectable boarding house and tries to have her, but is threatened by the Quigley crowd. Parlee is arrested and taken to jail. He himself was not bad at heart, only a sport. They are rescued by Hamburger and his pugs and Parlee made a hero. Then a Chicago dash Winnie escapes and meets her rival, Miss Rose Branard, who tries to protect her, but is manhandled and left for dead.

CHAPTER XVI.

HAMBURGER IN A NEW ROLE.

"Mrs. Dan! What will you do with Dan? Is it possible they have killed him, too?"

Such was the burden of poor Winnie's thoughts as she lay in the cabin of the dark craft moored, for some reason, to the dock, for she could not move. Before her mind's eye constantly rose that awful blow, saw Brainard's hands go up and saw him fall with that dull thud. She would rise to her ears to her face day and night, and she felt that it was all a dream. At last her reason was restored to her, and she lived him over then over.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Dan, and I'm a widow already," she said to herself, with a sob. "Dan, how you, do you hear? You must not die! You must not leave me all alone!" And then she shivered as she thought of how Dan had stood up for her, and how he had received the fatal blow.

She was certain he was dead, and, with this belief, she moaned and sobbed until both lashed and burned. From the way in which the yacht trembled and heaved she knew they were sailing with all possible speed straight before the strong gale of wind which was blowing.

Winnie knew that she got away again, for, after such an effort, a second attempt would fail. She was certain to be seen. Oh, if only I had run off for help, as Dan advised me to, then she shivered as she thought of how Dan had stood up for her, and how he had received the fatal blow.

"He was certainly a brave man," she said, with tender and burning tears. "Even the way in which the yacht trembled and heaved showed knew they were sailing with all possible speed straight before the strong gale of wind which was blowing.

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IN THE LAND OF LAUGHTER.

THE 'SPECIAL FROM DEAD DOG

BY WILL LIBENBER.

It was night in the office of the Daily Cyclone; it was also night on the outside, and a very disagreeable night at that. The city was as black as protector's ink, and the rain was pouring in torrents.

In fact, now that the Daily Cyclone, Dodge City's new daily, would go to press, the rain, which had been falling since the night before, was clouded with a severe frown. This was the first time the paper had appeared without a sensation of its own. Sensational news items were a feature of the Cyclone. Must they go to press without one? The reputation of the paper was at stake! Even the "Dead Dog" had announced the city editor.

Change spreads to his feet.

"Ah, this is our last chance!" he cried, handing over the bit of thin paper. He glanced at the few lines and uttered a hideous chuckle of satisfaction as he read:

"Dead Dog, Oklahoma, February 1.—The citizens of Independence which has for some time been without a sensation, will have a Dead Dog to-night if he be taken by the Honorable Jeff Bowler, in the county seat fight, broke out in a free fight, to-night. About two hundred leading citizens of the town, who fell that the time had come to resent the outrages, gathered in the public square and hanged the honorable Jeff and engineer.

The wires have been broken by the storm, and further details could not be obtained," explained the city editor, "and the special was cut off. Its the special sure, before it was so."

Now the particulars—this is enough."

Satisfied, he relaxed his hideous grin.

When the paper went to press the special form—Dead Dog had a half column of headlines, and a double-headed editorial on "The Late Storm"—was complete.

The next day when Chuggs entered the office he found that the three bad boys had decided not to have a special issue, and Dead Dog sent in. There were but two more weeks left for Chuggs to attend a game and earn his seat as he read:

"—in effect."

A Choice.

Druggist—Have you the money for the medicine, ma'am.

Mrs. Ma'am. Pepper and if you could not trust him he'd rather pay without it and get well.

The Rare Woman.

I was only a reporter last Sunday evening, because I was not my brother, and I was not my brother because I was not able to tell the truth. I was not able to go again soon. Despite the fact that the compositor who set up the account of my case as a week-crowned was without thinking with hallucination at the thought that perhaps in this forgotten spot the rare woman who is not her self-love is the most loved apple dumplings.—After the Theatre Cat.

Stopped It.

A certain benedict was in the habit of going out every evening, much to the annoyance of his wife's behavior.

"Finally, one night," he said, "I cried the tragedie old gentleman one day on hearing of some of these complaints. "I don't see how any more complaints I will Cambert."

There were no more.

HE WOULD BE SHOCKED.

Patient—Doctor, I would like to have you're bill.
Doctor—You'd better wait until you are a little stronger—Up-to-Date.

The Similarity.

Rambling Rags—I risk ducks has got almost human intelligence.

Tattered Tatters contended—Wot always does, 'cept when it's roast.

Rambling Rags—Ah, but never gettin' wet, mind you—never allowin' it for lunch yet.—Judge.

Gambling Term—Throw on the red."

A Bad Bargain.

"Look at her," said Jabbs, as he bumped from his buggy at the corner where half a dozen of his friends were watching the procession of bicycles. "There's a thing for you, Rogster bearin'! All the latest improvements—no chain and nothing without being heavy. Nobody has a better wheel, but I'll be darned as though it was made for a woman!

"It is a fine one," admitted one of the party. "Must have set you back a good deal for it."

"That's where you're off. I'm too fly to pay $90 for a riding machine. Hain't she a beauty? I'll be among ourselves, she said one could hear."

"Why?"

"That's right. If there's a bargain lying round loose anywhere you can bet I'll find it. Nice looking thing, eh? Just come through here on a tour. He went loose in the store and bought it for a song, and as he could come and all right, and he didn't, become discouraged, ran short on cash, and offered me the wheel if I'd buy him a ticket home. Now, but she's a worker. You fellows better let me buy your wheels for you."

Just then the first two detectives came up. They took a look at Jabbs' wheel, went by, made a hand wagon turn, and returned, entered the wheel, compared the number with one in his notebook, called his companion, and the two led the "daisy" off between them to the station-house.

Jabbs never appeared and made a bold start to get ready, went of course, but he thought better of it, and is now hunting the fellow he sold it to.

Moral Sussion.

Old Gentleman—Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?

Little Boy—Never! We have moral suasion at our school.

Old Gentleman—What is that?

Little Boy—When we get hey, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one hundred times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all.

Precautions.

Landlady of tea-gardens at Hempstead, to the wife of a little Hempstead tradesman, who is kneading the dough for a cake—"Why, you're never going to put your hand in that batter before the cake's done. It'll taste as if we were going to have a wet holiday, and may have to eat it ourselves."

Uncle Rube—Say, don't them electric cars kill people's offen 'round here?

Bobby—Naw; only semi!

Presence of Mind.

"If a doubt should come between us,"
She faltered faintly out;
But the way he moved so nearer
He left no room for doubt.

—Puck.

In the Sunday School.

We have some pretty poor stuff in our American Sunday-school books, but they need not to be even worse off in Shilland than they are. Here is a hymn which is entitled and dedicated "For little ones," and the chorus of a song quoted by an English exchange from a children's hymnal, is:

"Yes, yes, O yes,
Jesus died for the ones like me.
You say how do I know it?
John 3:16 will show you.
That big word 'whosoever' just means me."

A Popular Doctor.

"And with all the money you can afford he stood on doctors you go to Doctor Tye. Everybody knows he is quite famous. Everyone knows he is quite famous. Everybody 'Incompetent.' Why, he's the only doctor of the whole town who don't begin by telling me to quit drinking."

She Was High Toned.

On the platform in front of a store in a Nebraska town, was a tarantula mixed with one of the bands knocked out, and the big green one got the bottom and the combination was mixed and been wanted.

"Did you notice?" I queried of the merchant at the door.

"No, not exactly an accident," he slowly replied.

"Then the head of the barrel fell out?"

"No, I don't exactly fall out."

Down at the far end of the platform a woman was sitting on a pile of boxes, and wearing her hat. As I looked at her, the merchant softly said:

"Don't say anything to get her excited again."

"Has she been excited?"

"I should say that she had! She's the wife of a prominent citizen of this place, and couldn't wait on her for a box of baking powder the minute she came in, she presented her head and looked in the head of that barrel. She's the only high-toned woman we've got around here, and I've got to knuckle to her or she'll scatter that salt all over creation."

Cause for Finny Mirth.

Johnny is staying at the seaside. Here is an extract from his letter to sister Lizzy: "The sight of a fat man trying to look pretty in a bathing suit is what makes the little, bathwheeled fishes stand on their tails and grin."

"HELD UP BY TWO TRAMPS."

A HEAVY CONTRACT.

"Mamma, do fat people become angels?"
"Why, yes, my dear."
"Well, then God have lots of fun teaching Aunt Susan to fly!"

Education of Servants.

"I am trying to educate my servants on to a higher standard of culture and appreciation," remarked a housekeeper to a visiting friend.

"My goodness," was the reply of the visitor, who had had experience with servants, "I should think you'd just make them miserable and give them good wages. How are you succeeding so far?"

Splendidly. You would be surprised to know how my cook has truly reduced in their tastes are those girls who work in kitchens. Why, she actually has a parrot in the house and some how picked up the idea of using parsnuting her to take mandolin lessons and intends where it cannot be heard. Then my cook used to be slangy, but now she speaks like a regular lady."

"Aren't you afraid they will be looking for better places when they have been so educated up to your standard?" asked the friend.

"Oh, no. I have taught them to enjoy their work and make drudgery divine. I wish you could hear their improvement in their conversation. They—"

Here the visitor gave a yell from the hallway. It was the voice of the cook.

"Hello, you ids. Hev you flew the coop?"

"Naw stich god luck. What's ailin you?"

"Has the fresh gone out?"

"Yes. What's up?"

"Why, the gas, o' course."

"What idiot?"

"It looks as if it had whiskers on it."

"Shure I knocked it off'n with cook-h. Be sure it in the alley wen the cop is out of sight."

The mistress of the house made a gesture of despair.

"Child, child, being called a 'freak' after all I have done for them!" she cried. "And I'll not have such a vile woman, forbore to say, "I tell you so!" "

Suspended Hostilities.

"Hear you had a terrible row with her, Charley?"

"Awful! But I guess it all came out right."

"Good. How did you manage?"

"Well, you know that her hobby is war. She'd go to war if she could. When there is a crisis imminent or a big battle has been fought she sits on the veranda with her photos of peonies and buys extras as fast as they appear. I've been trying to get her out as though the fate of the army depended upon it, and if the little German band plays martial airs she goes inside to drill. She gives herself the commands, too, and you can hear for a block when she wants to turn round.

"What has all this to do with your reconciliation?"

"Everything. She approves of the army code of ethics just as she does of the constitution of the United States, but did not come out in the open house again, but that evening I went up to the front door and rang the bell instead. She met me at the door. I requested a kiss and she granted it. After negotiations covering two hours she modified her demands somewhat, and the point on which we stuck was as to whether our former amiable relations should be re-established. We compromised on an armistice, during which terms will be further considered."

A Jewel.

"I was in the shop this afternoon while you were away," remarked Mrs. Butcher to her husband, "and I saw a man buy a watch. I guessed from the price of the watch he paid you to engage that new clerk. Why, he couldn't have been. He was just off from the plough, and that he had never been in a main shop before and employed him and knows nothing about the business."

"Did you notice his hands, my dear?" asked the husband, quietly.

"His hands? I suppose they were hard after a course of interrogation points with her eyebrows.

"Yes, his hands. He has a hand that weighs the grounds more than any hand I ever ate before. Why?" and Mr. Butcher looked at his wife with a smile that for the first time caught her eye. "Why, watch a package that was composed of six pounds of meat from the pounds of hands. If I can't tell him how to throw the meat on the scales and weigh the force of the blow as well as his hand I will have a treasurer and if none prove better, doesn't me like to have from me we will go to Europe this summer."

Her Last Words.

He was going away.

He felt that his country needed him, and he was willing to make the sacrifice.

His wife knew about him with a thousand and one injunctions.

He listened quietly. He knew that her heart was full of love for him, and that she had added to the thought and what it stood for a cold, but the anguish of a heart that cried out in feeble loneliness.

Pretty soon he was ready.

There was a solitary sadness, and he started.

"Good! George!" she shrieked, as she suddenly turned and chased after him. "What is it, my love?"

"Oh, I almost forgot it. Here's a letter to Aunt Emily to mail, and don't you dare to carry it around in your pocket and forget to use any to-day."

Then she went back to the house and had a good cry.

Realism.

During a sham fight on old general came unawares upon a soldier who was lying fast asleep on the ground. He roused him.

"Is this your post?" exclaimed the general, rousing him with the full intention of making an example of him.

The soldier, thus suddenly startled out of his slumber, rubbed his eyes, and on recognizing the officer, sprang to his feet, presented arms, and said:

"I was your pardon, general, but we were going through a sham fight, and in order to make the illusion more complete I was just pretending to be dead."

The general could not suppress a smile, and promptly forgave the witty fellow.

Well Qualified.

He—That man is billed to lecture tonight on "Whisky, the Curse of the Country."
She—No doubt he will be interesting, for he is certainly full of his subject.

Judged From Personal Experience.

One boy met another who had a septic of toothache. Alvah the first and a droop at the corners of the mouth.

"Why, Alvah," he said, "I heard your father was on a stay once."

The other quenched a sob and nodded. "Was it a whaler?"

"Yes, it was. And you bet he learnt the business good, too."

An All-Around Young Man.

1. Willy—I said I'd get even wid dat boy as calls on Mary, an' now I'm goin' to do it. I hain't bin spinnin' tops all day widout learnin' somethin'.

2. I'll just wind dis rope around de screw like I wind the cord around my top.

3. "And dats de way to fix four-inch."

4. Willie's Sister's Young Man (at the clock strikes the midnight hour)—Yawn, Miss Sweetman, all my friends say I'm an all-around good fellow.

5. Pops opening the door suddenly—Mary, hasn't that young galloot gone yet?
Mary carelessly—Oh, father, can't you see he is going as fast as he can?—Puck.

Intellectual Contract.

His wife had been home all day and was anxious for a little news.

"You are down-town every day and have a chance to see and hear many things that would interest me," she said, repeatedly, "while I am shut up here. Why don't you tell me some?"

"Did I go down-town to work," he protested.

"I'm but you can't help seeing something you could tell me about when you're there. Setting the benefit of intellectual contact. The mind, you know, needs food as much as the body, and it seems to me I don't see you haven't gotten into your office before you leave anything to tell."

"That's a fact. I met Miss Hinks. She must have said a dozen words to me before she apparently wanted, I don't see what else she could have to say to me."

"Miss Hinks! Why, I thought you disliked Miss Hinks."

"So I did all!"

"Every word I said Dreefer, the firm's lawyer, just as I was going into the elevator."

"And what did he say?"

"He said 'Hello, Jack!' and I said 'How are you?' to him."

"Are you sure that was all?"

"Quite sure. He was in a hurry to catch the elevator, and I was in a hurry to reach the office, and we had a few words. Each seems tried to get at me, but I shut them down that I was out to be disturbed. A man can't work and be sociable at the same time. As I was coming home I met you by accident."

"Of course you stopped to chat."

"No. We didn't chat. We said 'Hello, Frank,' and I said 'Hello, Jim,' and that's all there was to it. Honestly, Kate, I must say I think you overestimate the importance of the 'intellectual contact' idea."

Disgraceful.

The convict colonels had met by accident in front of the police station and, actuated by a mutual desire to commiserate the others bad experience with the revolver and enthusiastically engaged in an animated discussion of the merits of their weapons, a few persistent boys gathered round and a sick out of an unfortunate darkey's car. The occurrence naturally formed the topic of conversation at the tea-table that evening.

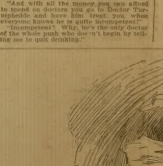
"Such an exhibition," affirmed the sixth-ward alderman, "is a disgrace to the nineteenth century civilization, a thorough and absolute disgrace."

"Yes, and to cap with you, sah," acknowledged the major, to our surprise. "It was the most disgraceful exhibition of shooting that we've ever had in this neighborhood."

Inducements.

The following advertisement is from a paper published in the north of Scotland:

"To Let—A house in Strichen Avenue, situated in a healthy locality, with pure water from which an abundant supply of the most delicious fruit may be stolen during the season. Rent low, and the greater part taken in pieces."



First Bald Head—This seems to be a hot place.
Second Bald Head—Yes, not a of a breeze ti.

MAID ONE.

MAID WON.

MADE ONE.

Changed His Viewpoint.

"What," said the visitor to the village of his childhood, "what's become of the boy I hated—Willie Hawker, the sneak? In person, no doubt. He bore that fate on his face."

"Hush!" said the villager. "He is now Mr. Hawker, the famous millionaire."

"What!" cried the visitor, "my dear schoolfellow a millionaire! I must call upon him and revive the old friendship."